THE ERIE OBSERVER.

FORWARD.

VOLUME 19. SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848. NUMBER 20.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

TAYLOR MEETING.

For the Erie Observer.

On Saturday evening last, understanding that there was to be a Taylor meeting at the Court House, we walked in to hear what could be said to uphold that sinking cause. When we entered, we found the meeting thinly attended, and James O. Putnam, Esq., who had kindly consented to come from Buffalo and cheer up the desponding Taylor men of this place, on the stand. From his remarks we judged that he had just opened his battery, as he was making all the excuses and apologies usual at the commencement of a speech in a bad cause. The first half of his speech was consumed in endeavoring to make whigs believe that Taylor was a whig—the real "simon pure"—that he occupied a position elevated above the fogs of earth, and hence the very great trouble men of candor have had to perceive his whigery, or tell exactly where he did stand; in short, that Gen. Taylor was a superior being, scarcely partaking of human frailties, or subject to human weaknesses—a kind of politicalGodsend, calculated and fitted to redeem this beautiful country from the curse of locofocoism, and that he—Mr. Putnam, of Buffalo—alone, of all that assembly, could perceive it. *He* was "*on Pisgah's top—could see clearer, breathe freer, and felt more glorious than he ever did before,*" and the audience, when they got up to where he was, and could see Taylor as he saw him—a whig—would feel so too, would "see clearer, breathe freer, and feel their political strength renewed," and after consuming about an hour in this interesing subject, and proved nothing at all except that the whig party are the greatest political dunces of which we have any account, they sent up a general shout at the *proof* of their own foolishness and *depravity*.

After finishing this part of his speech, he took up what used formerly to be the whig principles. He assumed the most ultra whig positions relative to internal improvements; that the general government had power under the Constitution to go to all lengths in appropriating money for building canals, railroads, tunneling mountains, and building tape-worms, the very doctrines that we have heard repudiated over and over again by the whig orators of this community. He then reviewed the tariff, maintaining the most ultra whig grounds, a high protective tariff to enrich and pamper the manufacturers at the expense of the farmer and mechanic, and thus enable glittering wealth to ride down and oppress the worthy laborers of our country.

He then attempted to throw a few shot at Mr. Van Buren and the Barnburners generally—claimed the whig or rather Taylor party as the only true free soil party on the face of the earth—said that General Taylor was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and that Gen. Cass was pledged to veto it; said that he did not blame Mr. Van Buren, because Gen. Cass introduced the two-thirds rule in the Convention of 1844 for the express purpose of defeating him; thinking that he could make the people believe that Gen. Cass was in the Convention, and not equally affected by the two-thirds rule with Mr. Van Buren: in short he filled his speech with a series of the most unblushing and barefaced falsehoods that I have at any time heard from a public speaker, winding up by saying that Gen. Taylor and the universal whig party were in favor of every measure for the welfare of the country, and that Gen. Cass was pledged to veto every such measure.

Mr. Putnam wanted to elect a whig president and get the country under a whig administration, fearing that in a few years the people would become so impressed with the correct policy pursued by the democrats, that they could not be induced to change—that if the country could once see the democratic policy working in all its beauty, it would be useless for the whigs to attempt to ever again get into power—the only rational thing he said during the evening.

He was followed by Mr. Clapp, of the Buffalo Express, who styled himself Mr. Putnam's "dry nurse," told some humorous stories, and sat down, showing his good sense in doing so. OBSERVATUS.

☞ Col. J. R. Snowden (Treasurer of the Mint at Philadelphia) and lady, arrived in this city, on Saturday evening. He is stopping with his brother-in-law, Judge Thompson.

TWO TAYLOR ORGANS DISCONTINUED.—Fayette county in Ohio, has heretofore been a strong whig county, supporting all whig papers—the *Banner* and *Intelligencer*. Both have been discontinued since the nomination of Gen. Taylor, for want of support, and Taylorism has no organ in that county.

A CHANCE FOR AN ASTROLOGER.—One of the political papers advertises for an astrologer to read the "stars" in Clay's letter, as published in the New York *Express*'

WHO WROTE IT?—Gen. Taylor's last—which the N. Y. *Tribune* says, "is the next best thing to none at all"—it is said in New Orleans was written by the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*—professedly a neutral print. A correspondent of the New Orleans Morning *Chronicle*, not only detects the finger marks of the *Picayune* editor in the phrase "riven from the context," and several others, which occur in this second Allison letter, but adds:

"The fact, too, of the presence of the editor of the *Picayune*, at Pascagola, when it was written, and its appearance in the city simultaneously with that of the letter, are confirmatory proof of what however is sufficiently manifest on the face of the letter."

If this be so, the *Picayune* editor will have a bone to pick with him of the *Tribune*.

☞ Gen. Peter Sken Smith, the great leader of the Philadelphia *Nativists*, and a brother of Gerritt, the nominee of the Abolitionists, says that Lewis C. Levin has been placed in nomination in utter disregard of precedent among the Natives. He says he intends to vote the Native American Electorial ticket, and for an independent Rough and Ready candidate for Congress, if any be presented. He can't go Levin.

☞ On Shunk river, Jasper county, Iowa, old Hamlin and his two sons *murdered Nicoly*, a boarder in their family, and burnt his body to ashes in the night. Their object was $100 which Nicoly possed. The ruffians are arrested, and one of the sons has turned state's evidence.

☞ Fourteen different lives of Gen. Taylor have been published adapted to all sorts of tastes and shades of opinion, north and south, and in all the live languages. Perhaps that number of lives is not too many for a candidate who is now in the receipt of about four times that number of rations a day.

☞ Two miles of the track of the Galena and Chicago Railroad has been laid down, and a car is now running upon it loaded with rails to continue the road. It is expected the road will be finished across the wet prairie to the O'Plain next month.

REASONS FOR VOTING FOR THE WRONG CANDIDATE.—The reverend gentleman in Tennessee who conducts the Jonesboro' *Whig*, has concluded at length to support Gen. Taylor. His reasons are:

First That it is possible that the Whigs *may* get entire possession of the old General, and manage him and his administration as they please.

Secondly. That it is possible that Gen. Taylor *may* die in the course of four years; and then Fillmore, *an unquestionable Whig*, will take his place.

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

WHERE.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

A GENTLE youth would follow Hope,
To roam through pleasure's fairy land,
The portals of delight to ope,
To feast the eye and fill the hand,
To drink of fountains fresh and clear,
And rest in bowers safe and fair,
But still as oft as Hope said—here!
And bade him sieze the bliss so rare,
The disappointed youth said—Where?

He wandered from his native vale,
Allured by voices from afar,
Soft breezes fanned his ready sail,
And o'er the wave arose a star;
He trusted then the tranquil sea,
Some Paradise to seek and share,
But in the fairest Eden, he
O'erworn with weariness and care,
Still sad and listless, murmured—Where?

Then, instant, as he looked beyond,
Some new temtation would arise,
Some seeming angel fair and fond,
Some casket that contained the prize,
'T were but a moment's space to reach,
The briefest journey here to there,
His arm could soon encompass each,
Yet as he grasped the empty air.
Some distant cave would echo—Where?

Came Beauty dazzling then his eye,
And cast her spell around his heart,
E'en midnight seemed a sunlit sky,
Such glitter did her glance impart:
He sprang enchanted to adore,
To flutter in her silken snare;
Alas! the vision soon was o'er;
A blight—and all the bower was bare;
And Beauty's rose was blooming—Where?

Then heard he on the air a blast,
A wildly sweet inspiring strain;
Aloft a mournful look he cast,
And there was Hope's bright form again!
Before him rose a rugged steep,
Its summit bore a temple fair;
Up! said Ambition, onward sweep,
For fame's immortal joys prepare;
But still his weary heart said—Where?

So tasted he life's choicest wine,
Wealth, honor, all they can secure;
Yet did his longing soul repine,
They were not lasting, true, and pure:
Still seemed the guerdon far above
The proudest height his foot could dare;
Then came the word of heavenly love,
By yonder Cross go breathe a prayer,
He knelt, and lo, *his* REST was There!

From Morris & Willis' Home Journal.

THE LOST GLOVE;

OR. THE LADY'S DRESSING-MAID.

BY MISS METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE GIRL was sitting in the September sunshine that fell in checkered gleams across the old wooden steps in front of a decayed and tottering building, in one of the by-streets of the Empire City. The sunlight seemed like a pleasant visitor, as it crept from her little naked feet and ragged dress up over her dimpled arms and shoulders, and nestled amid the shining curls, hanging in dishevelled profusion around her sweet and childish face.—But as it grew more inquisitive, and stole under her drooping lids, to discover the color of her downcast eyes, it betrayed the bright drops of those sorrowful-looking tears, just creeping down to the edge of those silken lashes.

Just at this moment, a young man who was passing by, stopped short in his hasty walk, to gaze for a moment on the sunshine, the tears, and the beautiful little creature before him. He was a poet and a painter: and struck by the exquisite grace and beauty of her face and attitude, perfect in their unconscious and unstudied loveliness, he sought to impress the image upon his memory.

"What a glorious picture I have stumbled on," said he: "I must have that picture—tears, sunshine, and all. It will win me fame." The little maiden threw up the lashes glittering with moisture, and perceiving a stranger, with an artless but sad smile, held out her hand, and said:

"Please, sir, just a sixpence for my mother."

The stranger looked at the little, pleading hand, and forgot the beautiful face. It was just such a hand as he had dreamed of, had sought for, but had never before found. Even though belonging to a child, its tiny proportions were most exquisitely developed—rounded, delicate, dimpled, tapering, perfect! In the rapture of an artist's joy, the young man caught the beautiful little hand in his and pressed it to his lips. The child looked surprised and frightened, but she said, meekly:

"Only a sixpence, sir," in her childish, musical voice.

"Certainly, certainly," replied the artist, for the first time comprehending what she said, and emptying a handfull of dimes in her lap.

"Oh, thank you!" said she, her large blue eyes darkening with a flash of delight; "you are very kind sir."

"I should like to paint your portrait, pretty one: and I will give you as much more money, if, when I come for you to-morrow, you will go home with me, and let me take your likeness."

"What is that?" asked the wondering child.

"Oh, I will show you, to-morrow—something very pretty."

"Well, I will go, sir, if mamma will let me."

The artist, all enthusiasm at his precious discovery, stepped gaily down the street, and the little girl bounded away in the opposite direction, to buy a loaf of bread for her sick mother.

"See here, Mr. Baker!" said she, joyfully, springing into a little bakery where a hard-featured man stood behind the counter—"I may have the bread, now, for mother—mayn't I?" and she held out her little hand, grasping tight the shining pieces of silver.

"Eh! where did you get that, little girl? Of course, you can have the bread, when you can pay for it."

"Given to me, sir."

"Humph! on account of your bright eyes, I suppose. Catch me giving bread, or money, either, to folks, because they are pretty;" and laying out a loaf of bread, he took one of her dimes in exchange.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, her eyes falling on a few oranges ranged in the window, "I'll take an orange, too—it will please mother so."

Another dime was taken: and with the loaf of bread and the orange, she flew back to her comfortless and destitute home.

"See here, mother, what I've brought you!" she exclaimed, gaily, bounding into the wretched apartment; but she stopped short, and letting fall her treasures, sprung to the bedside, where, pale and motionless, a woman lay dying, alone and unattended.

The ashy lids were closed over her sunken eyes; her colorless lips were parted, and the breath came slow and struggling from her scarcely heaving bosom.

"My mother! my poor mother!" shrieked the child, winding her arms around the emaciated form of her parent, and covering her cold, clammy brow with kisses.

"My child!" said the mother, faintly—"I am dying, my Stella."

"Oh, mother!" sobbed the little girl. And these two words, and the tone in which they were said, coming, as they did, from the heart of a child, were fraught with an agony of grief and suffering.

"Stella," continued the dying woman, "this ring, (with a strong effort taking it from her finger and giving it to the child,) keep it always—never, never part with it—it may sometime bring you friends. Stella—God bless thee, my poor orphan;" and clasping her child convulsively to her bosom; she heaved a deep sigh, and sank back upon her pillow—dead.

All that night, the little girl sat alone on the wooden steps, now drying her eyes to look up at the sweet, bright stars, where she thought her mother had gone; and again sobbing and wailing most touchingly, till, just as the rosy tint of dawn crept over the great city, from mere exhaustion, she fell asleep on her hard pillow.

That day the artist did not come. An affair of importance called him from the city for a couple of weeks; and when he returned, and still full of the thought of the little maiden, went to look for her, she was gone, and the old house was untenanted.

A month afterward, he sailed for glorious Italy.

CHAPTER II.

Eight years after this occurrence, on a pleasant evening of October, soon after sunset, a gentleman was promenading through Broadway. Just in advance of him, tripping gracefully over the pave, was a young girl of light and elegant form, in a tasteful but rather plain dress, and close cottage hat. He was admiring her graceful and gliding step, when he suddenly paused. She had dropped one of her gloves. He picked it up, It was a dainty little creation of white kid, just the least bit in the world soiled by contact with the pavement.

"Exquisite!" muttered he, hurrying after the fair loser, with the commendable intention of returning it, and, perhaps, making the acquaintance of a lady who wore *such* a glove.

But he was a moment too late; for, just as he was overtaking her, she turned suddenly and mounted the steps of an elegant dwelling. Balancing her pretty feet on the edge of the marble door-sill, she stood for half a moment with her hand on the polished knob. The hand was ungloved, white as snow, and beautiful as it could be. She opened the door without ringing the bell, and disappeared in the hall. Of course, she resided there.

The gentleman placed the little glove in his pocket, took down the number of the residence, and walked away.

It was twilight when he reached his lodgings; and going immediately to his room, he threw himself into an arm-chair by the window, and sank into a reverie; from which he was awakened by the presence of a visitor, whose unceremonious entrance put to flight a whole cloud of angels in white kid gloves, and little, mortal hands without them.

"Why, I say, Ernest, how do you do?—don't you hear me?"

"Is it possible! I beg your pardon! my old chum Hal——, how are you!" exclaimed the dreamer, springing from his chair, and shaking his friend most sensibly by the hand. "Why, how you have changed; eight years have improved you vastly, I must confess."

"I can return the compliment, with interest," replied Hal, gazing admiringly upon his friend's elegant form and strikingly handsome and intellectual countenance. "European polish has done much, even for you. But how have you fared; how succeeded? have you realized half your young dreams of glory? has the artist been as successful as the poet?—for we have occasionally been favored here with some of your luxurious fancies, done up admirably in beautiful verse."

"I fear you flatter me, Hal; but with regard to my painting, I have been almost as successful as I could wish—that is, for one who pursues it merely for his own amusement."

"Quite an accomplished amateur, eh?"

The two friends sat down to converse upon old times, and the happy present, and the promising future.

Ernest Dunmore had indeed not spent eight years in travel in cultivating his fine taste and intellectual gifts, without returning to his country an exceedingly refined and fascinating man.

"By the way, Hal," said he suddenly interrupting his friend in a glowing description of his anticipations of the future, "can you tell me what young lady resides at No.——Broadway?"

"Why, Isidore Allen, our city belle. Have you seen her? She is a beautiful creature—bewitches all of us. And that just reminds me that I came with a pressing invitation from the Bentleys for you to attend a grand party there to-night. Miss Allen will of course be there."

"Then I shall, certainly!" was the animated reply.

"Why, Ernest, you must have seen this paragon of beauty. In love, so soon, after resisting all the bright eyes and bewildering smiles of foreign perfection for eight years!"

"Indeed, you are mistakene. I am not certain that I have seen this belle of yours—at least, I have never seen her face."

"Well, you shall see her to-night. The ladies have heard of your arrival, and are on tiptoe to behold the wonderful Mr. Dunmore, the poet, the painter, and the millionaire."

"How very flattering!" returned Ernest, smiling a quiet but perfectly satisfied smile, as he turned to the mirror to arrange his toilet for the evening.—What gentleman possessing grace, accomplishments, intellect, and the advantages of personal beauty and great fortune, would not be a little inclined toward a pleasant feeling of vanity? None, certainly—at least, not Mr. Ernest Dunmore.

It was late in the evening when Hal Hazleton and his friend entered the brilliant and crowded rooms of the Bentleys. A lady was at the piano. It was Miss Allen, and the gentlemen edged through the throng, and reached the instrument just as the sweet voice of the belle was trembling on the concluding stanza. She was certainly a beautiful creature, just nineteen, with glorious dark eyes, sweeping lashes, an exquisitely curved mouth and finely chiseled features—a graceful form, too; but her hand—a shade of disappointment darkened the fine face of Ernest—it was a very pretty hand, slender and tapering; but it was not *the* hand—it could not wear such a glove.

"A radiant creature! isn't she?" whispered Hal, as she rose from the piano.

"Very pretty," was the disappointed reply.

"*Very pretty!*" was the rather indignant ejeculation. "She is peerless, unequalled, divine!"

"But her hand!" At this moment, the lady turned towards them, and Hal presented his friend, Mr. Ernest Dunmore; and soon the two most distinguished *personages present*—the belle and the artist-millionaire—were promenading through the brilliant assembly. Ernest found his bright companion really bewitching. She was witty, learned, brilliant, beautiful—he would certainly have been fascinated, had it not been for the little kid glove that was lying on his heart, and the perfect little hand he had seen on the door-knob. As it was, his heart thrilled and palpitated slightly beneath its tiny treasure, and he colored twice and stammered once—the accomplished Mr. Dunmore!

The belle was unusually charming. She thought she had made a decided and most agreeable conquest; she had quite a passion for paintings. Ernest would have a room prepared for the exhibition of his works to his friends by the day after to-morrow, and he would be happy to wait on her there, and hear her opinion: no doubt her criticism would be of value. And they separated, mutually pleased. Poor little glove! what will be thy fate?

CHAPTER III.

Isidore Allen was slowly promenading through the exhibition-room, leaning on the arm of Ernest Dunmore. He was more than ever enchanted by her grace, her fine taste, and her loveliness. She was very enthusiastic, and her observations showed correct judgement and cultivated taste. Ernest sighed as he stole a glance at her hand—it certainly was *not* a perfect one—and thought of the glove so carefully laid—on his dressing-table.

"This," said Ernest, as he threw aside the cloth which hung over a painting, "I consider my masterpiece."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" said Isidore, and the tears sprang uncalled into her dark, soft eyes, at the extreme loveliness of the picture. Ernest preceived them, and thought them the dearest tribute that could be paid to his powers as an artist.

It was a picture of the little girl, the sunshine, and the old wooden steps. There was the childish, graceful attitude, the little, pleading hand extended so prettily, the dancing curls of gold, and the tearful fringes thrown up from her large, mournful, beautiful eyes, and over all the rich, warm, glowing light, slumbering softly over the brightly sorrowful picture.

"Precisely!" exclaimed Isidore, after regarding it an instant; "it is the very likeness of Stella May, my pretty little dressing-maid. One would think it copied from her, just as she looked eight years ago, when mamma brought her home as my companion and assistant."

"Indeed!" said Ernest, while a flash of surprise and delight beamed over his face; "will you tell me something about your Stella May!"

"With pleasure; for I look at her always in connection with some romance or another; she is so peculiar, such a strange being. I was only a child myself, when, one day, mamma was visiting several poor people, to whom she frequently afforded assistance, when she noticed a little girl sitting in the doorway of an old building, weeping bitterly. She spoke to her kindly, but the little girl only raised her head a moment, and then sobbed more wildly than ever. 'My mother—my dear mother—they have buried my mother!' was all she could make her say. Touched by her grief, and anxious to know if she was left friendless, mamma entered the house, which she found entirely deserted and unfurnished. What little wretched furniture had remained, had been seized by the neighbors in payment for various little articles which they had sometimes given the woman before she died. The mother had been buried by the poor officers, and the child was left unpitied, unprotected, homeless and destitute. Mamma took the little sufferer into her carriage, and brought her home. For days she refused all consolation, weeping all day and sighing all night, as if her young heart had broken with its grief. But we were all very kind to her, and, gradually, she became more contented; and when, at length, she smiled, or warbled to herself notes of music that she had heard, child as I was, I loved her for her beauty and sweetness. We knew there must be most unusual circumstance connected with her, for she had a ring, engraven, on the inside, with her name, 'Stella May:' and then she was so naturally lady-like and refined, so tasteful and intelligent, it seemed as if the very spirit of grace breathed and lived in everything she said or did. Mamma congratulated herself on having found such a treasure of a companion for her daughter; and, as for me, Stella was my dependence—for she assisted me in all the tasks imposed upon my youthful patience by a dried and withered specimen of a governess.—Though three years the youngest, she was more ready than I in every branch of study, which mamma allowed her to pursue, merely to gratify me. Music, of course, was not included. But for this she had such a passion, and seemed so utterly wrapped up in it, that I really felt grieved not to have her share in my lessons. She never said anything about it, but the tears would start to her eyes when I left her for the practice-room; so, at length I persuaded mamma to let her take lessons, too. And such a musical talent as she has is really wonderful!—she performs the most divinely on the harp of *any* one I ever heard! Then she has such an exquisite taste in dress! I do not pretend to exercise the least judgement with regard to the arrangement of my wardrobe—she so far excels me in all such matters. Then she is so sensitive, so acute a reader of character, and withal so beautiful, that I wonder at her as a dressing-maid! I do believe, if she were to be bro't out—despite the advantages of fortune—she would throw me quite into the shade!"

"That would be quite impossible, Miss Allen.—But do you never introduce this fair wonder to your friends?"

"Ah, I see!" said the lady laughing, "you would like to get a glimpse at her rare beauty! Very well!—as you are an artist, and she looks so very much like this painting of yours, I will humor you, if possible. But she has too much native delicacy to ever yield to my solicitations to appear in the parlor; so I shall have to bring her here. Mr. Hazleton will call for us to-morrow?" she said, as that gentleman approached.

"Certainly; I shall only feel too much honored." And the three continued on their way round the room.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day, as the snowy fingers of Stella May were wreathing the dark hair of her mistress into shining braids, Isidore said—"Would you not like to visit the exhibition-room of our new artist this afternoon, Stella?"

"Yes, lady, very much," replied the young girl; "but—"

"Nay, Stella, you must go, just to oblige me.—There is a picture there that I admire very much, and I know you would love to see it."

"Indeed, lady, I cannot tell you how much I love everything beautiful—*my harp, my flowers, and my own beautiful mistress,*" said the young maiden, in a trembling and slightly mournful voice; "but such things make me sad and unhappy, when I know I ought to be grateful and contented. But I will go."

How wildly the heart of Ernest Dunmore throbbed and palpitated when his eyes met those of Stella May. The brightest dream, the loveliest fancy, the sweetest vision of his poet's soul, looked on him through those eyes—the one embodiment of all his heart had longed for, and not found—lived, breathed before him! The pure, girlish, spiritual brow—the deep, dreamy, shadowy eyes—the sweet mouth, beautiful in its expression of subdued repose—the eloquent color, coming and going in her cheek, just as the thoughts came and went in her soul. There was a proud reserve mingled with the ineffable grace of her manner, that no princess could surpass. Ernest almost forgot to notice her hand, till she raised it to smooth back a truant curl that had stolen from the confinement of her straw hat. It was *the* hand he had looked for eight years! She wore but one glove—where was its mate? Ernest smiled, and his heart gave a bound against the little white treasure that had again found its way to his vest-pocket.—And he had once held that beautiful hand in his—had pressed it to his lips: would he ever clasp it again? For Ernest Dunmore was a proud millionaire, and Stella May was a dressing-maid!

They paused first before a lovely picture of sunset—*an Italian scene.* Stella gazed at it with a flushed cheek and brightening eye.

"Do you love Italy?—would you like to visit it, Miss May?"

"I have dreamed of it ever," replied the young girl, raising her soft eyes innocently to her companion's face.

There was something peculiar in his earnest gaze, and the silken lashes dropped slowly toward the deepening color in her cheek. Isidore Allen observed the manner of both, and when Stella raised her eyes, she curled her full lip very slightly, but it called the crimson to that gentle brow, and a flash of pride to those deep, beautiful eyes. Isidore was sorry in a moment—she was usually so kind and considerate; but Ernest had excited her ambition, and she was jealous—of her dressing-maid. But she knew Mr. Dunmore to be proud and fastidious, and the next moment she smiled at her own vain fears.

"And now for the picture I told you of, Stella," said Isidore, as the four paused in front of the veiled painting.

"Only a sixpence, please, sir, to buy bread for my mother," repeated Ernest, keeping his eyes fixed on the maiden's face, as he drew aside the curtain.

Stella gazed at it a moment, and then up into the face of the artist, with a look of wondering inquiry. Their eyes met, and Stella burst into tears.—Perhaps it was the memory of her mother—perhaps it was this thoughtless and cruel reminding of what she had been—that so affected her.

The artist was embarrassed. It was a delicate subject to make apologies for; and his friend Hal and Miss Allen both looked surprised, but he rallied, and said frankly—"Forgive me, Miss May, if I have wounded your feelings. It was unintentional; and, indeed, I am very happy to meet again the little girl who, you see, I have never forgotten."

"Then this is a portrait of our Stella, is it?" said Isidore, caressing the young girl to remove her injured fellings.

"Let us return, Miss Allen; I do not feel well," said she, in a low tone; and they retired.

That evening there was no company in the parlor, and Stella came down, at Isidore's request, to play for her.

"Oh, that Mr. Dunmore could picture her thus lovely upon the canvass," thought Isidore, as she watched her beautiful companion, who was leaning over the harp, lost in her own sweet melody. Her rounded arm gleamed out from its falling sleeve, like moulded snow, as the small fingers of that lovely hand swept over the quivering strings; like the shadow of a fluttering rose-leaf on a lily, the soft color hovered on her cheek; and her bright, spiritual eyes were cast upward with a dreamy, clear, forgetful look, as her bright lips trembled with the rich gush of music thrilling up from a soul full of beauty and melody.

The two maidens were both so absorbed that they did not hear the ring of the door-bell, nor notice the gentleman who stood, hat in hand, just inside the parlor. It was Mr. Dunmore. He, too, was charmed into silence, and stood mute and motionless till the last quiver of the harp died away, and Isidore, perceiving him, exclaimed, laughingly:

"Spell-bound, Mr. Dunmore?"

Stella started and blushed crimson, and, rising hastily, would have retreated from the apartment, but Ernest detained her by begging for another song. She recovered her self-possession immediately, and complied gracefully to his request.

The evening passed by delightfully. Ernest was a man of rare accomplishments and inexhaustible sources of amusement and information. It was the first time Stella had ever met with such a person; books and her own high thoughts had been her only companions. It was no wonder, then, that listening eagerly to every accent of his fine voice, and drinking in the enthusiasm of his dark, soul-lit eyes, she forgot herself, her circumstances, all the sadness of her life.

But she was doomed to a quick waking from her dream: Isidore saw it all, and displeasure flashed from her eyes as she saw that she was rivalled by the sweet loveliness of the young orphan.

"Stella, you may retire, now," she said, quietly and stingingly.

The young girl's cheek grew deadly pale, but she arose with the proud dignity of a queen, and bidding Mr. Dunmore good evening, left the apartment.

A flush of indignation mounted to the white forehead of Ernest as she disappeared, and his manner became cold and constrained.

Isidore saw she had made a mis-step, had forgotten her position as a lady, and, for the first time in her life felt humbled. She strove to be gay and brilliant, but she failed, and in a few moments her visitor left.

Who can tell the deep misery in the desolate orphan's heart, as she threw herself on her couch and strove to hush its wild throbbing? A cloud had ever cast its dim shadow on the happiness of that young heart, and now the cloud had burst in a wild storm of anguish that threatened to annihilate every flower of hope she had ever cherished. Sensitive to an extreme, proud and daring to the verge of recklessness, and by the only one who had ever appreciated her since they bore her mother away to the pauper's burial-place. Long after midnight she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning Stella was ill. But she said nothing, though her head ached intensely and her face burnt with fever. Isidore's heart reproached her with her cruelty; but she knew that an apology would only deepen the wound, so she told her kindly that she might keep her room if she was not well. Solitude was grateful to the orphan's heart.

CHAPTER V.

Three weeks passed away, and Ernest Dunmore had called but once on the belle. Hopeless of ever winning his regard, she had renewed her flirtation with Hal Hazleton, for whom, perhaps, after all, she had the most affection, if he was not quite so *distingue*.

The Allens were all out to a brilliant bridal party. Stella had gone down to the deserted parlors, and seating herself by the splendid centre-table, buried her face in her hands. Half an hour passed by, and she still sat motionless, but by-and-by the words struggled up from her aching heart, broken and almost incoherently:—

"And this is fate—my fate—while Isidore is so happy—cherished, loved, worshipped, even by *him*. Oh! I am so utterly wretched—so very unhappy!"

"Would to be loved, cherished, worshipped, make *you* happy, dear Stella!" said a rich, manly voice, in tones of thrilling tenderness, as an arm stole round her waist and lifted her to her feet.

"Ernest!" murmured the frightened girl, hiding her beautiful young face in his bosom.

"Stella! vision of my dreams! radiant spirit-love of mine! beautiful embodiment of all the poet or the painter ever yearned for! I am thine—all thine—*my Stella!*"

There was a hush through the lofty apartment, broken, at last, by a low sob, coming up from a heart too full of happiness.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a beautiful June morning, radiant with sunlight and heavy with perfume where, occasionally, the air floated over a dewy garden in the midst of the close, populous city. There was a wedding at the church that morning, and it was crowded with the *elite*, drawn thither out of curiosity to get a glimpse of the bride of Ernest Dunmore, the millionaire. It was rumored he had chosen Miss Allen's dressing-maid to be the partner of his wealth and accomplishments. There were many smiles, some sneers, and still more wondering remarks. But they were all hushed when the bridal-party entered and walked up the aisle. A suppressed murmur of admiration was all the sound, as every eye was riveted to the rare loveliness of the bride's young face.—There was no bashfulness, no awkwardness to ridicule—only a beautiful timidity, as softening and as graceful as the veil that floated round her, as she stood by the side of her betrothed before the altar. Isidore Allen and Hal Hazleton were their attendants.

The priest, in his clerical robes, stood up and commenced the ceremony, when they suddenly thought—who should give the bride away? At this important moment, a noble-looking man, still in the prime of life, stepped forward and gave away—*his daughter!* It was no time for explanation, and the ceremony proceeded.

Stella May was the wife of Ernest Dunmore.

The bride and groom immediately changed places with their attendants, and the whole fashionable world stared in mute surprise as the good man pronounced Isidore Allen and Harry Hazleton man and wife.

"My daughter! God bless you my beautiful child! and may you be happy with your young heart's choice!" and the stranger folded Stella in his arms and kissed her white brow fondly.

Something told Stella it was indeed her father, and she wound her fair arms around his neck and pressed her warm lips to his cheek.

"Stella!" said Ernest in surprise, "perhaps this is a mistake!"

"Let this be the proof," said the stranger, taking a gold locket from his bosom, containing two miniatures—one, evidently a likeness of himself, the other the very counterpart of the bride.

"Your mother looked just as you do now, when I married her," said Mr. May, regarding his bright daughter with eyes dim with tears.

"But we parted in bitterness, and were both proud; and when I repented and went to search for her, she had gone none knew whither. I have at last learned her mournful fate; but I am happier than I have been for many years, to-day, my daughter.—Heaven bless those who have been kind to you," and he looked gratefully at Isidore, who whispered to her husband:

"I always knew Stella May would have a romance."

"And so we must go south, first, and roam amid the orange flowers and myrtles around your father's romantic home, must we?" said Ernest Dunmore as he handed his bride into the carriage, "and go to Italy afterwards?"

"If he wishes it, Ernest. But, really, in the confusion I have dropped one of my gloves."

"Oh! never mind, dear," said Ernest, taking a little white glove out of his vest pocket and handing it to his wife with a very demure countenance, "this will answer."

"The glove I lost last fall!" said the bride, with a look of wonder.

"Ahem!" said Ernest.

A Visit to Mount Vesuvius.

I shall omit the description of the other excursions, and describe my visit at midnight to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. Stepping into one of the numerous fiacres on the stand, at six o'clock, the last evening I was at Naples, I was on my way alone for Resina, at the foot of the mountain, five miles from the city. The ride along the shores, through the pretty suberbs, with the setting sun on the waters of the bay, the approach of darkness, and the developement of the red stream of lava down the mountain was a rare sight. In an hour I was seated on a pony, attended by a guide, also mounted, and having a large torch. These guides and animals are at the station always ready, and there is a tariff of prices for them. They are under the direction of the police, who maintain a strict watch along the route half way up the ascent. The route to the hermitage is a circuitous one, and required nearly three hours. From thence a beautiful view is had of the Bay and City of Naples, and the lava stream and belchings of cinders, red-hot stones, and lava every few minutes from the crater. The stream, which a few days since had several branches, now merged together, was about a mile long and three or four rods wide, and lost itself in a level space on the mountain side, where it collected and cooled. The crater, which is a regular cone on the top of the mountain, was sprinkled with myriads of red-hot pieces from the belchings, which shot up from the crater, in nearly a perpendicular line, to a great height, then falling on the edge of the crater, and rolling down the sides.

Having ascended a few miles above the hermitage, at the termination of the path, and as far as it is *practicable for a horse to go, our animals* were tied, and then came the most difficult ascent I ever made. The whole mountain, rising steep above us for a mile, was a mass of volcanic matter, thrown up by different eruptions, and composed of beds of rocks, lava, and cinders; and beside and between these beds nothing but ashes, which is of a coarse black substance It is impossible to ascend over the rugged beds or rocks, and equally so to go up over the sand, where you cannot keep your foothold. The way is to go along the edge of lava keeping your foothold in the sand as much as possible by holding on to the rocky edge; but then we slipped at every step, and lost nearly half we gained. Two lanterns, and by the only one who had ever appreciated her since they bore her mother away to the pauper's burial-place. Long after midnight she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning Stella was ill. But she said nothing, though her head ached intensely and her face burnt with fever. Isidore's heart reproached her with her cruelty; but she knew that an apology would only deepen the wound, so she told her kindly that she might keep her room if she was not well. Solitude was grateful to the orphan's heart.

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Miscellany, Politics and News.

TRIBUTES TO GENERAL CASS BY HIS OPPONENTS.

In the public positions which Gen. Cass has been called to fill, he has won the esteem and approbation of his countrymen of all parties. We are aware that when a Statesman becomes a candidate for the Presidency, it is regarded by some as a matter of political duty, and often becomes a matter of feeling, to assault and decry him; but it is impossible to recall the strong expressions of confidence, and the admission to his talents, industry and patriotism; made by the same partizans, at a period and under circumstances which evince their sincerity. They may be offered as so many just tributes to his acknowledged worth and capacity, by his political opponents, and as a ready answer to any attempted disparagement of his character and talents, from those or any other quarters.

The following extracts from Whig and allied papers, when General Cass was called to General Jackson's Cabinet, show the estimation in which he was held by political opponents:—*Albany Argus.*

From the N. Y. Evening Post. July 13, 1831.

"*The New Cabinet.*—Even our bitterest adversaries feel obliged to confess that the new Cabinet, which by the appointment of Gov. Cass to the war department, has been completed, is excellent. The National Gazette, at present one of the most acrimonious of the opposition papers, holds the following language, which we quote, not that the opinion of the National Gazette, whatever way expressed is a matter of the slightest moment; but that our readers may be able to revert to it on some future occasion, when that paper shall have added another to the number of political somersets which it performs with all the facility of a practised tumbler."

From the National Gazette, July 11.

"The second Cabinet is completed. The materials are good. Gov. Cass, just announced as Secretary of War, is a man of education, talents and industry. He has been for many years conversant with the subjects which belong chiefly to the department of War. We may presume that all the details of the public business in the four departments will be adequately executed."

From the New York American.

"We read with great satisfaction the annexed notice of the appointment of Gov. Cass. He is a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman. We know not any one point, save in his view of Indian rights, that we could wish him other than he is."

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"Gov. Cass is a native of Exeter, New Hampshire and was appointed Governor of Michigan by President Madison, on the relinquishment of that office by General Hull. His thorough acquaintance with the manners, customs and traditions of the Indian tribes, with whom his situation has led him into official and personal intercourse, is widely known.—He is also distinguished for his great general acquirements, clear, philosophic and capacious intellect, and fine original style composition.

BIG SHOTS FROM A BIG GUN!

No man hits Federalism harder than Hon. B. F. HALLETT, and no man more clearly and satisfactorily shows up the gross inconsistencies, their contemptible tergiversations, and their utter recklessness of principle. The following hard hits are from his speech at Syracuse, N. Y., and are but a sample of the way in which he "puts the licks into them" in all his speeches:

In short, the only rule upon which an honest Whig can support Gen. Taylor, is the rule of contradiction. They must construe their candidate, as we are told, to interpret bad dreams, by opposites.

They claim to be Whigs, and they support Gen. Taylor because he is not an ultra Whig, that is, not enough of a Whig to hurt him. So the less Whiggery he has, the better he is for the Whigs.

They profess to be opposed to slavery and its extension into new territories; and they support Gen. Taylor because he owns two hundred slaves, and will not be very likely to go the Wilmot Proviso if it will deprive him of a market for his slaves.

They are opposed to the land indemnity from Mexico, and go for Taylor because he was in favor of taking seven of her provinces, up to the line of the Sierra Madre! [See his letter to Gen. Gaines.]

They denounce the Mexican war as "a God abhorred war," and all engaged in it as partakers in the crime; and they support Taylor because he battled and conquered engaged in one war.

They are the friends of peace and afraid of another war if Gen. Cass is elected, who has been a friend of peace for thirty odd years, and therefore they go for Taylor, because he has been like Goliah, of Gath, "a man of war from his youth up!"

They insist upon having a Northern candidate to humble the South, and are opposed to a "Northern man with Southern principles;" and therefore they take a Southern man with no principles at all.

They are desperately bent upon having "*free* soil and free men;" and therefore they want to elect a President who has stocked all the soil he owns with slaves.

They firmly believe that the salvation of the country depends upon the Whig party, and therefore they want a President who is no party man; who will have no opinion of his own, but will be Whig if Congress is Whig; Democratic if Congress is Democratic: Abolitionists if Congress is Abolition. Native American if Congress is Native American; and neither one thing nor the other, if the Senate and House of Representatives happen to be divided.

In short, a sort of chameleon President, who is to take the hue and the color of the Congress he happens to light upon.

TREATY WITH THE PAWNEES.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Fort Charles, on the Platte river, under date of the 22d ult., mentions that a treaty had been concluded by Lt. Col. L. E. Powell, the commanding officer at that post, with the four confederated bands of Pawnee Indians, under an order from the War Department appropriating $2000 for the purchase of a site for a military post at that point. The land purchased by the treaty embraced the whole of Grand Island, some sixty miles in extent, and is invaluable to this post, from the fact that it contains much the largest proportion of valuable timber to be found any where on the Platte river. The extent of territory purchased is about 600 square miles.

The Pawnees have been for a greater part of the summer out upon their Buffalo hunt. On their return to their village, they stopped at this post to receive the goods lately purchased for them as contemplated in the treaty, by Captain Stewart Van Vliet, of the Quartermaster Department, at St. Louis.

They seemed highly delighted with the bargain they had made with Uncle Sam, as they were in a very destitute condition, and needed the articles purchased for them—the blankets to cover their nakedness, and the ammunition and guns to protect them against their enemies. The portion of the $2000 remaining after the purchase of the articles bargained for, was expended in procuring presents suitable to their tastes and fancy. The were distributed as a reward for virtuous action and good conduct towards the whites among the different chiefs, while at the same time, those who heretofore had been guilty of committing trespasses and had not sustained a good character, were not only slighted, but received severe reprimands from the commanding officer, as well as threats of summary and severe punishments against any that might be found hereafter offending.

TRAINS FOR SANTA FE AND CHIHUAHUA.—A gentleman who arrived at St. Louis a few days since, informs the *"Republican"* that on his way in from New Mexico he met over one thousand wagons in different trains, bound for Santa Fe, El Paso, and Chihuahua. Nearly four hundred belonged to government, and were laden with supplies for troops in that region; the balance to traders, and were filled with merchandise for the different points named. But a few days before the gentleman left Chihuahua, a train of two hundred and fifty arrived from the States, and a large train, bound out, was not met in consequence of its having taken the Bent's Fort route. The past is said to have been a very profitiable season. A large amount of goods has been taken into the country and sold at high prices; but it is thought that the increase in numbers, and the unusual quantity of merchandise now on the way thither, will make it to those last in, something of a hazardous speculation.

WM. F. JOHNSTON AND THE BANKS.

From the Pennsylvanian.

His Accidency, Governor Johnston, has just passed through a region of county which has been sadly punished for its confidence in the good faith of dishonest banks. He began his electioneering journey in this city, where thousands have been made poor by these corporations. He passed on to Reading, the scene of the Berks county Bank imposture—an institution which enjoyed the facilities extended to fraud by his Relief bill. From Reading he went to Allentown, where the Lehigh County Bank existed, in the explosion of which, so many upright and hard-working men were plundered and prostrated. From Lehigh he passed to Easton, the scene of still another Bank failure, almost without a parallel in the entire history of fraud. These institutions, in the circle of their operations, did not dispense their blessings over a limited surface. The poison of their example and their policy reached to other counties traversed by his accidency, and we have no doubt more than one of his hearers in Bucks and Montgomery, and in the counties beyond Northampton, can testify to the fact that it is not always proper to place your trust in Banks. We presume Governor Johnston will extend his tour to Bradford county—if only to convince the free soilers there of the propriety of voting for a man who can advocate the Wilmot Proviso and General Taylor at the same time. Bradford was also the theatre of a rotten Bank explosion. Going to Mifflin county, where the Lewistown Bank gave up the ghost, he may say with truth that he has travelled over a portion of the State which has been highly honored by the system of corporate powers of which he has always been the friends and champion.

As peculiarly appropriate to the present campaign, we this morning publish the great veto of the lamented Shunk, of the 7th of April last, upon several Bank bills presented to him for his signature.—The cogency of its reasons—the moderation of its requests—the justice of the reforms which it suggests—are such as the judgement of the people of the whole Union would approve, even if they had not, unhappily, a sad experience which make these views such as defy equally denial and assault. No feature of the administration of Francis R. Shunk was more acceptable to the people of all parties, than his unswerving hostility to the system of irresponsible corporations, and his resolute support of all just reforms in the existing banking system. When he came forward for re-election last October, many intelligent and honest Whigs abandoned party line to vote for him. What were then recent examples of Banking dishonesty endeared him still more to the popular heart, and gave to his sentiments, long before expressed, an air of profound and practical wisdom, if not of prophecy itself.

If Judge Longstreth, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has avowed himself to be the bold and resolute friend of the Shunk policy, so has William F. Johnston, the Federal candidate, by his public conduct, declared himself to be its opponent—its bitter and malignant foe! We now have before us the Journal of the last State Senate, of which Governor Johnston was a member. As this journal of the 8th of April last, page 743, will show, William F. Johnston not only voted against the admirable doctrines of the veto which we print to-day, by voting that the bills to which it objected, should pass by the constitutional majority of two-thirds, but he also remained in his seat to vote for two three or other institutions—at least one of which was suspected of some not very honest practices! The reader will find his name recorded no less than six times against the doctrines of the admirable message which we print this morning. See Senate journals, pages 743, 744, 745, and 746. Side by side with Johnston, in this work, was Middleswarth, the present Federal candidate for Canal Commisioner, whose course in this respect loses so much in comparison with the bold, radical, straight forward deportment of Israel Painter, (the Democratic candidate for the same office) while he was in Legislature. The doctrine of Governor Shunk had no more active or more resolute friend than Col. Painter.

But there is in the exhibition of Gov. Johnston's opinions now cause of alarm, when we reflect that thirty-seven *applications on the subject of Banks* and Banking, have been advertised to be made to the next session of the Legislature. The amount of capital for which corporate powers are demanded, is the enormous sum of NINE MILLIONS, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND THREE DOLLARS!—Of this immense amount, nearly TWO MILLIONS AND A HALF are for *an increase* of the Banking capital of the State! We put it to the farmers and mechanics who have been plundered by the Banking an administration which could revive such institutions as the Berks county, Lehigh county, Lewistown, Towanda, and Schuylkill Banks, though it might be under other names! If they are, let them vote for William F. Johnston, whose devotion to this plundering system, he himself has proved by his opposition to the noble and just Bank *vetoes* and administration of Francis R. Shunk, as the records will show. If the people wish the Shunk policy kept up, let them stand by the friend and disciple of Shunk, Morris Longstreth, the farmer of Montgomery.

The veto message of Gov. Shunk, above alluded to, will be found on our third page. A list of the Banks applying for charters, with the amount of capital asked for by each, follows:

New Banks.	*Capital.*
Dauphin Bank, at Harrisburg,	$200,000
Hollidaysburg Bank,	200,000
Allentown Bank, Lehigh county,	100,000
Anthracite Bank, Schuylkill county,	200,000
Bank of Danville,	200,000
Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank of Montg'ry,	200,000
Armstrong Bank of Kittanning,	100,000
North Lebanon Savings institution,	75,000
Columbia Savings, at Columbia.	100,000
Somerset Savings Institute,	50,000
Banks applying for increase of Capital.	
Bank of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia,	$512,300
Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank Philadelphia,	500,000
Bank of Chester county,	75,000
Western Bank, Philadelphia,	166,000
Renewals of Charters.	
Commercial Bank, Philadelphia,	$1,000,000
Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank, Philadelphia,	750,009
Bank of Northern Liberties, Philadelphia,	500,000
Bank of Chester county,	225,000
Monongahela Bank, at Brownsville,	300,000
Lebanon Bank,	200,000
Harrisburg Bank,	300,000
Wyoming Bank, at Wilkesbarre,	85,330
Columbia Bank and Bridge Company,	150,000
Western Bank, Philadelphia,	400,000
Farmers' Bank of Bucks county,	200,000
Lancaster Bank,	600,000
Bank of Delaware county,	200,000
Franklin Bank of Washington	120,000
Honesdale Bank,	82,000
West Branch Bank, at Williamsport,	100,000
York Bank,	238,275
Bank of Montgomery county,	400,000
Bank of Germantown,	150,000
Bank of Chambersburg,	205,838
Farmers' & Drovers' Bank, Waynesburg,	100,000
Savings Banks—Renewals.	
York Savings Bank,	$200,000
Hanover Savings Fund,	36,000
Lancaster Savings Institute,	10,160

MURDER IN BUFFALO.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser gives the particulars of a murder committed in that city on Tuesday evening last by a negro. The murdered person was a young man named Stephen Brush, about 19 years old. He was in company with three others, younger than himself, on their way from the theatre where a play had been performed in which one of the characters was a negro servant. They were passing down Seneca street talking about the play and the character, when two negroes passed them and hearing the remarks, turned round and asked what was said about negroes. Some reply was given by Brush when he was struck by the negro who asked the question.—He ran from the side walk into the street pursued by the negro, and after a short scuffle cried out "boys" and fell. On examination it was found that he was stabbed by a dirk knife in five different places in as many different parts of the body. He died in about five minutes after. The two negroes, Henry Shorter and George Sharp were arrested soon after. Shorter acknowledged that he had committed the murder—said that it was unpremediated, an impulse of the moment, and that Sharp had nothing to do with it further than that he was in his company.

In the old army orders, Gen. Taylor's name appears as "*Zachariah*"—he has written it "*Zachary*" of late years. Why is this?

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

Democratic Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. LEWIS CASS.

OF MICHIGAN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Gen. Wm. O. Butler,

OF KENTUCKY.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Morris Longstreth,

OF MONTGOMERY.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

Israel Painter, of Westmoreland

FOR CONGRESS,

James Thompson, of Erie.

Democrtic County Nominations.

ASSEMBLY,
JOHN S. BARNES, of Girard.
SMITH JACKSON, of Erie.

PROTHONOTORY,
BENJAMIN GRANT, of Erie.

COMMISSIONER,
JAMES WILSON, of Greenfield.

AUDITOR,
D. W. HOWARD, of Wayne.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
HENRY COLT, of Waterford.

FEDERAL BLASPHEMY!

The Federal supporters of Zachary Taylor are modest men—very modest men! They claim "all the decency," all the "learning," all the "eloquence," all the "honesty," and all the "intelligent voters" of the country. They go farther, and claim that their candidate assimilates in character and fitness for the Presidential chair to the Father of our country, the immortal WASHINGTON! Such a comparison ought certainly to entitle them to everlasting disgrace! But they go farther still—although Washington was all that was pure, and good, and great—they have at different times attempted to heighten the comparison, give a brighter tinge to the effulgence of his character, by likening him to Martin Luther and Wesley. This was to clutch one portion of the religious world. And then to make it even with another persuasion, he is speedily transformed so as to assimilate in character with Pope P.us. All these parables have become tame, and the adulation based on them no longer excites attention. There remained only one character, with which his fulsome panegyrists could crown him, and the following extract from the Lancaster *Tribune*, furnishes that extreme of political flattery, coupled with the most revolting blasphemy:

"In view of the wisdom, the courage, the fortitude, the decision of character, the self devotion, the patriotism, the regard for his country, and his honor, here exemplified by General Taylor, if it should be asked if history records any *higher instance of moral sublimity*, it might be answered YES—ONE AND ONLY ONE—that of the GREAT REDEEMER, SUFFERING AN IGNOMINIOUS DEATH TO SAVE HIS ENEMIES."

Have over the minions of an autocrat transcendend this impious obsequiousness? Human character fails to picture the virtues of a political aspirant! The Savior on the Cross is the only similitude, to shadow forth his divine perfectiions! We have witnessed many oblations to power and greatness; have heard the unctuous notes of well-feigned admiration, and phrensied sincerity—but this gross and unpardonable mockery of the death-scene of the Redeemer, exceeds all our conceptions of the truckling and driveling capacities of humane nature.—And who is this man thus pictured as being one st p below the Redeemer of the world? A victorious General in a war these men have pronounced "God abhorred"—the author of the project to hunt the Seminoles of Florida with blood hounds, so loudly denounced by them in 1840—the owner of a regiment of 280 of his fellow-men, upon whose labor he has become rich, and now rolls in luxury. But we drop the disgusting detail of inconsistencies.

THE WEST END TO THE FRONT.—The Democracy of the West end of the county are coming up to the work in fine style. They held two large and enthusiastic meetings on Saturday—one at Girard in the afternoon and the other at Lockport, in the evening. Judge Thompson and Murray Whallon, Esq., addressed them at both places in their usual happy and eloquent style. At Girard, where we were present, the Judge spoke for about two hours, and reviewed the course, policy and positions of the two parties in a most masterly manner. The meeting was an unusually large one, and will result in a most happy effect. At Lockhort we understand the attendance was much larger, and the enthusiasm greater. The fact is our friends in the west end of the county are bound to give a good account of themselves in October—the tide it rising, and the boast of the whigs that they will defeat our candidate for Congress, is helping to swell the wave and will continue to do so until a glorious victory crowns our efforts in October. Push on the ball!

THE NATIVES AND GEN. TAYLOR.—The Federalists here would escape from the odium given to the nomination of their "available" candidate by the fact that he was *first* nominated by the *Natives*, if they could—but we shall not let them. He is emphatically the *Native* candidate—has accepted *their* nominatien—and as federalism found him in that company, they must be content to keep it. Just listen to the N. Y. Day Book, an anti-Cass paper:

Look at the leading names in the Native American party, and then at those in the early Taylor movement here, and it will be seen that they are the same. Who was it that presided at the first Taylor meeting held in New York? Mr. George Folsom, the tool of the pipe-laying clique, the man who rendered himself conspicuous as a leader among the Native Americans, and one of the few individuals who so far succeeded in bringing himself into notice at the time, as to secure an election as State Senator by the aid of that faction.

CLAYS ENDORSEMENT OF TAYLOR.—The New York Express contains the following letter, written by Mr. Clay upon being informed of the Clay demonstration in New York. It is put forth by that print and its whig cotemporaries as an *endorsement* of Gen. Taylor.

"ASHLAND, Sept. 8, 1848.

JAMES BROOKS, Esq: I have given, and shall give, no countenance or encouragement to any movement to bring my name, as a candidate for that office, (the Presidency,) before the public."

* * * * *

"On one point I desire no secresy, and that is, that I am utterly opposed to the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency.

My warm regards to your brother.

I am truly your friend,
and obedient servant,
H. CLAY."

What an endorsement! The Stars belong to the Express, and are ominous. Such an endorsement as this, is like that of Gen. Taylor of the whig faith—it is an endorsement, but not an ultra one! But what are behind those stars? Certainly nothing *very* complimentary to Gen. Taylor—nothing *very* gratifying to his friends, or the Express would be the last one to suppress it. We think the friends of Mr. Clay should call out the suppressed portion of this letter.

TRULY HORRIBLE.—The Detroit *Free Press* says the Advertiser of that city has just discovered that if Gen. Cass is elected, the democrats are going to annex Canada. It presumes that Gen. Cass will recommend it in his first message. The whig party have friends in Canada, who took up their residence there during the last war, hence its alarm. Pick your flints.

☞ The Dog war in New York, during the months of July and August, this year, has cost the corporation fifteen hundred dollars. The total number slain is put down at 3,000.

GEN. CASS IN TEXAS.—A letter from a well informed source in Texas dated Austin, August 19, says: "Texas is a wonderful CASS and BUTLER State. There are 22,000 voters here. My estimate is that Cass will receive 19,00 0and Taylor 3,000—a very respectable Cass victory for the Star State."

IS MR. CAMPBELL ENTITLED TO FREE SOIL VOTES?

To obtain the votes of the Abolition Free Soil men appears to be directed the main efforts of Mr. Campbell and his friends. To do this he and they promise anything and every thing. No bargain is too humiliating that they are not ready to make—no concession too great that they do not promise to grant. *Success, and success alone*, appears to be their object. For this they would bargain their political identity if the Free Soil men would, or could, secure success. We hear them daily proclaiming it to be their prime, and in fact, only object to defeat Judge Thompson. To accomplish this their only hope is in the vote of the Free Soil men and Abolitionists.—We do not believe that Judge Thompson can be defeated even by the union of the whigs and Abolitionists—and farther, we do not believe any such union can be accomplished. And why should Free Soil men vote for Mr. Campbell? He says he is with them in everything, it is true, and to show it, in all his speeches proclaims himself for Gen. Taylor! Of what use pray would he be in Congress to the *free soil* idea, with old Zack as President. It is true the Taylorites here at the North say their candidate is a Wilmot Proviso man, but *is it not known that he owns two hundred and eighty reasons*, in the shape of *slaves*, why he should not be! It is true Mr. Campbell's organ here, the *Gazette*, says it is "assured upon the best evidence, that" Gen. Taylor "is disposed to favor the great Northern movement of opposition to the extension of slavery," but is it not equally true that *S. S. Prentiss*, and *Bailie Peyton*, together with *eight* other distinguished friends of Gen. Taylor in New Orleans, have published an *address* assuring the people of that State of the *exact contrary*. That address uses the following language in regard to the question:

"The election of Gen. Taylor will afford to the SOUTH and to the West the strongest of all guarantee for security, during his administration, on both of the great subjects to which we have referred—[Wilmot Proviso and Internal Improvements.] As regards the WILMOT PROVISO *we need not remind you, that being himself a* SLAVEHOLDER, *a native of Virginia, a citizen of Louisiana*, WITH EVERY FEELING AND INTEREST IDENTIFIED WITH US, WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR; we recall to you his deep reverence for the constitution, for the principles which guided Washington's administration: and on this basis, the true safeguard of OUR RIGHTS, we say confidently that IN HIM WILL WE EVER FIND THE FIRM DEFENDER OF THOSE RIGHTS."

Now who should know best the opinions of Gen. Taylor upon this question, Mr. Campbell and the *Gazette*, or *S. S. Prentiss, Bailie Peyton*, and his immediate neighbors. These gentlemen are stumping it in Louisiana for Gen. Taylor, and speak by the card. Mr. Campbell is stumping it in this district, and speaks without any *positive* knowledge on the subject—his assertions are more *guess work! Bailie Peyton* is one of these *three* who visited Gen. Taylor after his nomination by the Philadelphia "slaughter-house," and procured from him the celebrated endorsement to Judge Saunders' statement in said "slaughter-house" convention. Is it not probable, therefore, that he speaks upon this subject upon a *little better* evidence than our neighbor of the *Gazette*? Most assuredly so! Mr. Campbell, therefore, stands as the acknowledged champion of the *extension of slavery* over the territories of New Mexico and California, his professions to the contrary notwithstanding. Is such a candidate entitled to *free soil* votes? We question it! His opposition is delusive, for while he is struggling to obtain a seat in Congress in order to oppose the extension of slavery over these territories, he is equally struggling to place in the Presidential chair, General Taylor, the owner of a black regiment of his fellow-men, and who, "as regards the *Wilmot Proviso*," his *friends, confidents and neighbors, all slaveholders*, say his "*every feeling and interest is identified with*" them, and *they* HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!" Now, in what a humiliating position will *free soil* men place themselves by uniting with the Taylorites and voting for this man! Will people believe hereafter that the non-extension of slavery over the territories is their object? No, far from it! In their first campaign they enter into a dishonest and disgraceful coalition with those who are struggling to place an ultra-slaveholder in the Presidential chair, and elect an acknowledged supporter of that ultra-slaveholder? The people will say, and justly too, that they care very little for principle, and everything for success. If Judge Thompson did not occupy *radical* ground upon this question they profess to love so much, then there might be some [illegible] friend of non-extension. A half-loaf is sometimes better than none, but in this case decidedly the largest part of the *half-loaf* is on the side of Judge Thompson. He is *radical* upon this question as we have already demonstrated in a former article—too radical it is true, for us, but as we agree with him in the main upon other questions, we can cheerfully sink this and support him. Don't misunderstand us—we do not ask *free soil* men to support him! We only ask them to stand by their principles—to act like honest men, who believe in what they preach, and not like dishonest political hacks, who look one way and go another!

LET IT BE REMEMBERED!—Let it be remembered that the more they prove Gen. Taylor to be a whig, the more conspicuous becomes his contempt of whigery; for he accepts the whig nomination only upon the same conditions that he accepts nativist, democratic and all scattering nominations. The general, who says "I have declared myself to be a whig on all proper occasions," did not consider his acceptance of the whig nomination for the presidency a "*proper occasion*" to declare himself a whig! Never having been a whig, we don't know how whigs feel, but every democrat has reason to congratulate himself that he isn't called upon to taste the bitter cup of humiliation which Gen. Taylor offers to his supporters. Thank God, democracy has so much pride and honor as never to support a candidate who can find occasion not proper for an open and public recognition of its principles.

TENNESSEE.—The Nashville *Union*, a close observer of passing events and not accustomed to encourage its political friends without substantial reason, says "We protest against Tennessee being counted doubtful. She will vote for Cass. *There's no doubt about it.*" Of course not. At the Presidential election in '44 Clays' majority in Tennessee over President Polk was only 113—a number too small to be counted upon in a contest.—Tennessee and the whole South, with the exception perhaps of Kentucky, will vote for the Democratic nominees.

VERMONT.—The majority against the whigs is in round numbers 5400; last year it was 3000; *whig loss* TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED, and a failure to elect two members of congress. The whigs have 11 majority in the senate, same as last year, and claim a whig majority of 8 in the house, same as last. The Montpelier Patriot, however, gives 114 democrats and free soil men to 108 whigs in the house.

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"He ran through various topics, which he illustrated with excellent sense and varied information. Speaking of the free soil movement of the north, he expressed fears that it would be the absorbing question in the present canvass, and engross all other questions. He said that *he considered the Missouri compromise a* FAIR *and* LIBERAL *line for settling the slave question*, AND HE WAS WILLING TO SEE IT ADOPTED."

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ANONYMOUS SCRIBBLERS.—We never reply to charges, no matter what they may be, made by anonymous scribblers. No man but a coward and a liar will shelter himself behind an anonymous signature—no man but a dastard at heart and a scoundrel from practice, will state that in the dark which he dare not avow in open day over his own signature.

JOHN M. BOTTS AGAIN.

That *true* whig, John Minor Botts, is out with another letter—not like Gen. Taylor's last, explanatory of his previous *one*, but as a kind of review general of himself, Old Zack, and the Whig party. We really have not room for this precious production, or we certainly should give it to our readers. We know our Taylor cotemporaries will not touch it, and we also know all *true* whigs would like to see it amazingly—nevertheless, John's epistle is a little too long this time, to allow its publication entire in our columns. But then, we are willing to compromise with the whigs—we won't be cross or ill-natured—but in a kind of neighborly way, will cull out a few of the rarest exotics their "great and good friend" has prepared for them. To begin then—here is a gem, with a little, a *very little* "*aid and comfort*" to the whigs, and with a good deal of the element of *truth*, which we should judge was not quite so comfortable:

I have not yet said I would not vote for Gen. Taylor.—If there is no regular organized ticket in Virginia for Mr. Clay—and I presume there will not be, for I fear there is not whig spirit and energy enough left in the state to get up one—I certainly shall vote for him upon the ground that I prefer to take the CHANCE of having the government administered on sound principles, rather than the certainty of having it administered on unsound principles; but when I give that vote, it must be borne in mind that it is my individual vote that no man has a right to control: I am as free to exercise my judgment upon General Taylor's qualifications and whigery as any man in the district, and I shall give it as I choose; but if the election should come to the House, it will then be the vote of the district, and *I* shall give it as my constituents choose, but if I yield my vote to Taylor, I will not yield to "TAYLORISM," which is more ruthless and proscriptive than Jacksonism ever was. Jacksonism only proscribed its enemies, Taylorism proscribes its friends. Jacksonism proscribed those who did not subscribe to the principles it avowed; Taylorism proscribes those who adhere most rigidly to them. Jacksonism proscribed those who left THEM; Taylorism proscribes those whom they have left. Jacksonism suffered a man to think for himself if he voted right; Taylorism requires *one* not only to vote, but to to think and *speak* with them and *for them*.

Oh dear, oh dear, who would ever have thought it!—that a "great and good" whig like John M. Botts, would ever have accused some of the Taylor men, we wot of, with the maintenance of an *ism* "more ruthless and proscriptive than *Jacksonism* ever was!" Is not John afraid that after having slept so long with these Taylor men, some of them will turn round and attempt to "head-him-or-die," as he did John Tyler? But we are keeping our whig friends too long from the rich dainties we have selected for their repeat. Hear what he says about the "available's" last:

Now, in regard to the Allison letter No. 2, which I have read since the above was written, I am free to confess that the opinions therein expressed, and the positions adopted, no matter at whose suggestion, are more satisfactory to me than any other that has preceded it, and if this had been the only one, it would have been entirely so. If what Gen. Taylor means to say is, what I infer from this letter he does say, that when he said he was "not an ultra whig," and "would not be the exponent of any party principles," and "would not be the candidate of any party," and "would accept no party nomination," and "would look to no party doctrines as the rule of his action," and "would express no opinions on any political subject," and "that the people must take him on their own responsibility," and that "he would as soon accept a nomination from the Democrats as whigs," and that "he would only accept a nomination of the spontaneous and unanimous voice of the whole people," and that "he would look to the Constitution, (which all Presidents are sworn to do,) and not to the views of either of the great parties of the country as his guide,"—if by all this he only meant to say what he now says he did mean, that he was not a party candidate in that straitened and sectarian sense that would prevent his being the President of the whole people, and that he would not be fettered down with pledges that were to be an iron rule of action, *in despite of all contingencies*, and that he would not be required to lay violent hands *indiscriminately on all public officers, good or bad*, who might differ with him in opinion, and that he would not force Congress, by the coercion of the veto power, *to pass laws to suit him or none at all*—then I must say he has written a great many letters to very little purpose, because nobody expected or required it of him; he cannot blame me or anybody else for not understanding him. I never should have guessed it, for, to my mind, his letters have borne a very different reading. That is certainly not what I should have understood an "ultra whig" to mean. I should think any man who *would* give such pledges was nearer an ultra DEMOCRAT than an ultra WHIG, and nearer an ultra FOOL than either; and no man in his senses would either give them himself or require them of another. When he spoke of an ultra whig, I naturally concluded that he had reference to some one or more measures or principles of the whig party, and I never understood that any of these were.

NOW we protest against this, *we do!* First, in such a ruthless and barbarous manner to expose the inconsistencies of old Zack—telling him to his face that "he has written a great many letters to a very little purpose," and then wind up by calling him "nearer an *ultra fool*," than either "an ultra democrat," or an "ultra whig." If some "rascally lo-co-fo-co" had said that of the old General, we have *no doubt* convulsions would have seized the entire Taylor press. It is lucky, therefore, it comes from the source it does. But here is an extract in regard to his advisers, and this probability of his election. It is significant:

The truth is, and it cannot be disguised, that General Taylor *has had bad advisers*. If he had relied on the great whig party and struck for the whig vote only, and not "spread his net to catch birds of every feather," he would have been elected without difficulty or doubt.—There would then have been no disposition to bring Mr. Clay forward in the first instance, and still less to have opposed his election after he was nominated; and if he is not elected now, he has *nobody to blame but himself, and those by whose advice he has been governed*. But whether—in the language of the French people to Louis Phillippe—"IT HAS COME TOO LATE," is a question yet to be solved. I apprehend it has.

One more extract and we are done. It is in regard to the Wilmot Proviso, and to it we wish to call the particular attention of *free soil* men of all parties. It is another and conclusive evidence of the deep, two-faced game the whig party is playing with old Zack. Mr. Botts is high authority, and he does not scruple to say that upon this question the whigs of the North and the South, represent Gen. Taylor as occupying *exactly opposite grounds*—certainly "*both sections of the country* cannot be right."

But why are we left in the dark upon anther subject? Why are we not permitted to know what are Gen. Taylor's views of the Wilmot Proviso? It is very evident that every press and every man at the north that supports Gen. Taylor, does it on the ground that he will not, and is *pledged not* to veto that measure. Mr. Webster, Mr. Ashmun, Mr. Corwin, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Truman Smith, Thaddeus Stevens, Mr. Caleb Smith, (who has repeated, in his speech in Cincinnati, that he was assured by the Hon. William Ballard Preston, of Virginia, that he would not veto it, and that he would be sustained in the south if he signed it,) all take that ground; while it is equally certain that at the south he is as generally and universally sustained on the ground that he is a southern man, a slaveholder, and that he will veto it.—Now I say, in this case, both sections of the country cannot be right, and one or the other must be cheated; and the only way to avoid it is for Gen. Taylor to say what he will do. The people are entitled to know it *before* they vote. I think, perhaps too *much importance is* attached to this question, both north and south; but that is their business. If it is of half the importance they ascribe to it, the fact ought to be known.

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Clarion Good for Twelve Hundred!

Correspondence of the Erie Observer.

CLARION, Sept. 23, 1848.

Gentlemen:—As a great shout has went up from the whigs and "barnburners" of little Clarion over the defection of a few Democrats here, I have thought that a few lines on the subject, setting forth matters in their true light, might not be amiss; more particularly so, as I understand it is reported by the whigs in your county that on account of his "pronunciamento," our majority will not exceed 400! Now let me say to our Democratic friends in Erie County, be of good cheer, and prepare a hundred guns for little Clarion, for as sure as the second Tuesday of October comes *she will give Thompson one thousand majority* against the combined forces of Federalism—whigs, Natives and barnburners. This will be our majority, I repeat, in any event, and should the day be favorable, we will swell that majority to 1200 or 1400—and not for Thompson alone, but for the entire Democratic ticket!

I make these assertions from a thorough knowledge of the feelings of our friends in every township in the county, and for years my calculations of the result have not been one hundred off the mark, and *will not* be this time!

What magnifies the dissatisfaction here in the eyes of the whigs, is the *professed* great importance of those who have turned their backs on the Democratic party, and *not their numbers*. This, you know, is characteristic of whigery. But let me assure you, and mark well the prediction, that for each of these *Iron Masters* who have weighed their principles in the balance with the "almighty dollar," and found them wanting, hundreds of their honest and industrious workmen will be found coming up from their wood-choppings and ore-mines, on the morning of the election, and will help swell the majority beyond any previous election. In the borough where nearly all the dissatisfaction prevails we will give its largest Democratic vote we ever gave. As to the "barnburner" vote in the county, I have made the strictest enquiry, and can safely say it will not be over 40 or 50, for whigs and part Democrats! And as to Democrats voting for Taylor, there will be more whigs who will vote for Cass!

On the whole, therefore, you can assure the Democracy of Erie that Clarion county will do her share toward a glorious victory in October and November.

In haste, yours, R. —R.

☞ The above is from one of the oldest and best informed Democrats in Clarion county, and his statements may be relied on with confidence.

COMING TO THEIR RESCUE.—The Editor of the Fredonia *Censor*, who has not, it appears, *forgot* the various castigations we have heretofore administered to his political back, comes to the rescue of his *used up* friend of the Gazette, and endeavors to make an article of ours on "Gen. Taylor and the Wilmot Proviso" contradict itself. The following are the extracts:

"You know, too, that the chairman of a committee appointed by the Mississippi legislature to call upon Gen. [Gen. Taylor] last winter and invite him to visit the capital of that State, made a detailed report of the conversation held with him on that occasion, and among other things Gen. Taylor said, was that '*The South should never submit to the provisions of the Wilmot Proviso.*'"

"Knowing all this—with these facts staring him in the face—what must an editor's opinions of the intelligence of his readers be, who expects they will believe Gen. Taylor has said enough to satisfy the great majority of his Northern supporters that, as President, he will veto no

THE WHIG PRESS AND JUDGE THOMPSON.

As was to have been expected, the *Gazette* and the *Commercial*, of this week, are filled with the most gross and unjustifiable misrepresentations of the course and position of Judge Thompson, on the various questions of the day. We say this was expected, for never has a man been so perseveringly misrepresented as he has by the whig press ever since he was first put in nomination in 1844. Every occasion has been seized upon—every possibly pretext brought forward, to assail him, both through the columns of their newspapers and upon the stump. Political animosity, instigated by *personal* hatred, the offspring of *envy*, has been at the bottom of all this. Far above these drivelers himself—scorning alike their hatred and envy—he has been, and is, a shining mark for their venom and their falsehoods. Heretofore their rage has been impotent, and we trust and *know* will be so again! The Democracy will not allow a faithful representative to be stricken down with such weapons, especially when his assailants proclaim it far and near, that his defeat is *to* be accomplished, by fair means if possible, but *if not, by foul*. That he is thus assaulted—that *his defeat is so* anxiously desired by the federal party—is evidence, good and true, that he has been faithful to the Democratic party and its principles. Never in the history of the politics of this country has there been a faithful champion of the Democratic party who has not been assailed with the same unrelenting animosity. All these great lights of the party who have figured in the Presidential chair and in the two houses of Congress, have each severally passed through this fiery ordeal of federal hatred and envy. That Judge Thompson does not escape this common lot, is but natural—that he, too, should be misrepresented, falsified and aspersed, is a result altogether advantageous to his fame as a Democrat. We shall not, therefore, as we easily could do, refute in detail all the misrepresentations our federal cotemporaries are guilty of toward Judge Thompson! His course is before the country—he has incurred the displeasure of the federal party by his unyielding devotion to Democratic men and measures! That of itself is sufficient to rally around him our entire strength—*that* of itself, would do it if nothing else! But there are other and more powerful reasons why we should succeed—why this district should still be represented in our national councils by a Democrat. Cass and Butler will unquestionably be elected President and Vice President of the United States.—Of that there can be no doubt. Our opponents acknowledge that without Pennsylvania Gen. Taylor's chances are hopeless. Every man of common discernment knows that with proper exertion the Keystone is safe, but to make that safety doubly sure, not only must our candidate for Governor be elected, but the Congressional districts now represented by Democrats, must still be represented by such. The loss of a Congressman will be heralded forth as a great achievement—will inspire, and give "aid and comfort" to the whigs, and urge them to a more desperate fight in November. No friend of the Democratic cause will lend his aid to accomplish this result. Besides, Judge Thompson is eminently entitled to the support of every Democrat. He was fairly nominated by the properly constituted representatives of the Democratic masses. Are Democrats willing to condemn the work of their own hands? While in Congress he lent his powerful and efficient aid in carrying on the war with Mexico. Are Democrats willing to condemn that war by his defeat?—to take the side of the whigs, and pronounce it unconstitutionally commenced and unjustly prosecuted, by voting for a man who is associated and supported by those who have given "aid and comfort" to the enemy? Judge Thompson is one of those who voted for the Independent Treasury, that financial measure which so effectually separates the Government from the corrupting influence of Banks. Are Democrats willing to condemn that measure by voting for a whig who, to say the least of it, is opposed to such a system, and what is at least probable, in favor of a United States Bank?—He has voted to exclude slavery from every inch of territory now free, whenever the question has been brought up in Congress. Will Democrats lend their aid and votes to countenance the falsehoods so industriously circulated against him by the Federal party on this question? Will they stand by and coolly see a faithful public servant *hunted down* by such disreputable means? Will they allow the personal hate and envy of a few political stock-jobbers, who hang *around the public crib of this county*, to influence them in this matter? *No*, we are confident the Democracy of Erie county will do no such thing; and if they do their duty Judge Thompson will be re-elected by a triumphant and overwhelming majority. Our accounts from the other parts of the district are of the most flattering character. Clarion is good for 1000 or 1200—Jefferson not less than 250—Warren says she will do better, say 250 —Potter, M'Kean and Elk are all down for larger majorties—and it remains for the Democracy of Erie County, therefore, to say whether Judge Thompson shall be put down by the unholy combination now at work against him, or not. The time for argument is now passed—action must now take its place! *Organize*, appoint your committees in every school district, and when the election day comes, show those Mexican sympathizers that their *falsehoods* have had no effect.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING AT WAYNE.

According to previous notice, a meeting of the Democrats of Wayne assembled at the School House in Sub-District No. 2, for the purpose of forming a Cass and Butler Club. The meeting was organized by the appointment of the following officers, viz: Edward Green, President; Joseph P. Grant and Philander Miller, Vice Presidents; R. I. Osburn and Henry A. Spencer, Secretaries. On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed to draft a constitution, viz: Joseph P. Grant, D. W. Howard, Ira Pierce, Wm. O. Spencer, D. S. Spencer.

The committee then retired, and after a brief absence, reported a constitution, which was unanimously adopted.

The meeting was addressed during the absence of the committee, by E. C. Stacey, Esq., of Columbus, with ability, and much to the satisfaction of all the Democrats present. The way he showed up the cloven foot of Campbell, the whig nominee of this Congressional district, was a caution to the old sore-headed Coons and Barnburners.

On motion, Matthias Spencer was elected Treasurer, and the meeting proceeded to appoint the following committees: Committee of Correspondence—Harman Abbey, Henry Brighman, F. W. Hill, James Alexander, Wm. O. Spencer. Committee of Vigilance—S. F. Moor, Jabez Coon, Elijah Hill, H. D. Francis, John Heath, E. V. Spencer, Smith Spencer.

The following resolutions were then offered and unanimously adopted.

1 *Resolved*, That we cordially acquiesce in the nomination of Morris Longstreth for Governor of this Commonwealth, and that we will use all honorable means to elect him to that high office.

2 *Resolved*, That our present and efficient Representative and nominee, Hon. James Thompson, is worthy of our support and confidence of every true Democrat in the Congressional District, and we will stand by him and use all and every honorable means to re-elect him to the office he has so nobly and honorably filled.

3 *Resolved*, That he (Hon. James Thompson), *is a man* that we can depend upon, when our country is at war with a foreign foe, and unlike Corwin, Greeley & Co. has never given "aid and comfort to the enemy."

On motion, it was then resolved that a contribution be taken at the next meeting, for the benefit of the Democratic Press or this county.

The meeting then adjourned to meet on the 7th of October at the same place.

R. I. OSBURN,
H. A. SPENCER,
Secretaries.

☞ The Editor of the *Gazette* says we "may get compliments, about the middle of November." Well, we could return the compliment if we could, but *truth* compels us to say *he*, having been born a *fool*, will not "get compliments" by "the middle of November," or at any future period.

By the way, when the Editor of the *Gazette* attempts to Latin again, he had better look at his *Dutch* Dictionary and learn to spell. The true way to spell "*compos*," quoted above, is "*compos*."

PENNSYLVANIA! THE PRESIDENTIAL BATTLE GROUND!—A FEDERAL PLOT EXPOSED!

To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and happily for the country and for the election of Cass and Butler, that *forewarning* has come upon the Democracy of the Keystone State with startling distinctness. Simultaneously in the Eastern and Western ends of the State the following letter *from Truman Smith*, of Connecticut, has come to light, showing that it is a general call upon the faithful to rally and endeavor to wrest the State from the hands of the Democracy. This *Smith*, the Pennsylvanian, says is a member of the House of Representatives—and one of the unscrupulous advocates of General TAYLOR, a slave-holder's identity with the Abolitionists of the North—has found its way into our hands, through a friend, to whom it was *mis*-directed. It appears that this gentleman, who is so anxious to elect Gen. Taylor, is now at Washington, using his franking privilege, by loading down the mails of Uncle Sam with the vilest electioneering falsehoods—an outrage upon the Treasury and an abuse of his privilege as a member of Congress, which ought to make the whig press fall down on its knees, and pray for the speedy abatement of that dreadful evil! But here is the letter—the written letter of Mr. Truman Smith:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12th, 1848.

DEAR SIR: Permit me in behalf of the Whig Executive commitee of the two Houses of Congress, to address you on the approaching elections, State and National, in Pennsylvania. To make our success certain in the great National contest, we need the vote of Pennsylvania, and I presume I shall stand justified by the vast importance of the crisis, in asking you to take hold of the subject with all vigor. We trust you will spare no pains in carrying your State election. Recollect that the success of Governor Johnson will break down Cass throughout the country. But if the Democratic candidate for Governor must be elected, you will see the importance of cutting down his majority to a very low figure. The moment your State election is over, I beg you and (through you,) your friends to go to work in earnest for the November election. Pennsylvania we can and must have. Never has there been so good an opportunity for striking a successful blow at the Radical party, as now. I shall work until November. I ask you to work with me. We can furnish good political matter from our Committee room if applied for this month. Let me hear from you as to prospects in your part of Pennsylvania.

With much respect, I am truly your friend,
TRUMAN SMITH.

The letter is a new proof that PENNSYLVANIA IS TO BE THE BATTLE-GROUND OF THE UNION. Truman Smith is an unscrupulous and desperate politician. He is laboring at Washington with all his might—aided by others quite as reckless as himself—to accomplish the overthrow of the Democratic party of this State in October.

Hear this distinguished Federalist:—"*Recollect that the success of Gov. Johnson will break down Cass throughout the country!*" Let this be a warning to us Democrats of Pennsylvania. Let us ring it through the State. Let us repeat it along the whole unbroken Democratic line! Like the fire-ball in the night, it should awaken all our sleepers.

The importance of EVERY DEMOCRATIC VOTE being out, for Judge LONGSTRETH is further admitted by this industrious agitator, when he says: "*But if the Democratic candidate for Governor must be elected, you will see the importance of cutting down his majority to a very low figure!*" Now although this is really a covert admission that Longstreth's election is *certain*, yet it is no less an invocation to us to make his majority one that will bury all opposition to Cass in the same grave that covers Johnson and his hopes.

The whole letter of Governor Smith is a startling appeal to the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, and teaches us our duty in both elections.

He says: "WE"—[that is, the Taylor Abolitionists and Slave-holders]—"WE NEED THE VOTE OF PENNSYLVANIA!" No doubt of it; but the Union and the country need it more, and they shall have it!

DARING BURGLARY.—The store of Moses Koch, corner of French and Fifth streets, was broken open last night, and goods and money to the amount of from $15-00 to $2,000 taken. The entrance was effected by forcing the lock off the outside cellar door, and boring through the trap door leading to the store, and then shoving back the bolt. The goods taken were all new, having been received from New York on Saturday last, and consisted of fine dress and other silks; silk and other fine shawls, forty or fifty pieces of fine linen, silk hose, drawers and shirts, fine collars, capes, &c. The money taken amounted to about $45—twenty of which was Erie.—The tools used by the burglars, consisting of two chisels and a three lipped augur, are in the hands of the Sheriff. There was no person sleeping in the store at the time.

☞ Senator FITZGERALD, of Michigan, has withdrawn his name from the Cass electoral ticket, and a more supipliant tool of the Michigan dough-face, RIX ROBINSON, has been nominated by the State Central Committee to fill the vacancy.—*Buff. Republic.*

The above is a fair specimen of "barnburner" fairness and honesty. The intention is doubtless to represent Senator Fitzgerald as withdrawing from the Democratic electoral ticket because he could not support Gen. Cass, when the *fact* is that he withdrew because he is ineligible to the office of Elector, having been appointed a Senator in Congress *since* nominated for elector by the Democratic convention. Out of such *facts* the barnburner press manufactures those wonderful changes paraded so conspicuously before the country.

WELCH, DELAVAN and NATHAN'S great Circus is drawing large crowds in Ohio. They come to Erie on the 9th proximo, and thence take the southern tier of counties to New York City, and then go to Boston for the winter.

GEORGIA.—Hon. Joseph Day, of Jones, has been nominated by a democratic convention for Congress in the 7th Congressional district, now represented by A. H. Stephens, whig.

Free Soil Nominations.

Messrs. Editors:—From some cause, to me unknown, the minutes of the meetings at Columbus and Erie have not been published. Being a Secretary of the meeting at Erie, I have been requested to state, in substance, the doings of those meetings.

At the Congressional district meeting, held at Columbus on the 1st of September

JOHN MANN, ESQ, of Potter county,

was put in nomination for Congress, and that nomination has since been confirmed by the Central Committee of this county.

At a mass nominating Convention, held at Erie on the 9th of Sept., the following county nomination was made, viz:

For Assembly—Job Stafford, Esq., of McKean,
Wm. Beatty, of Erie.
For Prothonotary—Aaron Kellogg, of North East.
For Recorder—Ira Sherwin, of Harborcreek.
For Treasurer—Henry Cadwell, of Erie.
For Commissioner—Jas. M. Moorehead, Harborcreek
For Auditor—Buckingham Reebe, of Concord.
For Coroner—John B. Fluke, of Erie.
For Director of the Poor—Elial Perkins, of Wayne.

A. COWLES, Secretary.

Gazette and Chronicle please copy.

MARRIED:

By Rev. W. R. Dewitt, D. D., of Harrisburg, on the 13th inst. Hon. JAMES R. SNOWDEN, Treasurer U. S. Mint, and former Treasurer of this Commonwealth, and Miss SUSAN E. PATTERSON, daughter of Maj. Gen. Patterson, of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 16th instant, by Job Stafford, Esq, Mr. HENRY MARTIN to Miss MARGARET SWEET, both of Washington.

DIED:

On the 25th inst, in Millcreek, Dr. ALBERT THAYER, aged 57 years,

In Harborcreek, on the 10th inst. Mr JOSEPH BURROWS, aged 85 years, a soldier of the Revolution, and formerly a resident of Groton, Conn.

At Utica, N. Y, on the 5th inst Mr PERRY HUGHES, of this place, aged 24 years.

On the 19th inst, Mr FITZ JAMES CHRISTIE, of this place, aged about 32 years.

In this borough, on the 16th ult, after a lingering illness, Miss ELIZABETH TRASK, in the 16th year of her age,

DR. W. B. DODGE,

ECLECTIC Physician and operative Surgeon—Graduate of N. Y. College in 1839. As a practitioner "he can't be excelled."—The sick from the country will be treated successfully, or no charge. Office near Beebe's Store.

By Telegraph.

Dispatches for the Tri-Weekly Observer.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28, 7 P. M.

Flour.—There has been a large business in Flour today, with quite a speculative action., the demand for future delivery being considerable. In the morning the market was steady—but improved at the close, when it stood 6d higher than in the morning.

Sales add up 13 to 1,500 bbls, including 9 or 1,000 for delivery in Oct. or Nov. at $5 62½

Sales on the spot have been at $5 50a5 62½ for common and good brands, closing at $5 56½a5 62½, firm at the latter price—refused choice brands.

Wheat is quiet to-day with fair demand—sales of 6, 500 bu Genesee, and 1,500 bu red western were made on private terms—for good Genesee $1 28 was bid.

Some descriptions of Corn were firmer, but common mixed was dull. Sales add up 30,000 bu at 61a62c for inferior mixed, 65a68 for good, 71a74 for flat yellow, and 80 for round yellow.

A sale of round was reported at 81c, but it could be bought for 80 at the close. Demand less than yesterday.

Rye 71a73c delivered.

Pork firm, demand for Mess fair—Sales 1,300 bbls at $13 for Mess and $10a10½ for Prime. Beef dull.

Lard rather in favor of the buyer, and some 400 bbls sold at 8¾a8¾c. Some new Lard sold at 10¾a11c, put up extra.

He goes out by authority of the government of Mexico as Judge of New Mexico. By this it appears that Texas is determined to assert her claims to the land and jurisdiction of that territory.

Accounts from Monterey to the 3d inst. Business there and at Saltillo was extremely dull. Good feeling existed between American and native residents of Monterey.

The *Flag* says that Gen. Eustamento is to have command of the Rio Grande frontier, and will make Matamoras his headquarters.

The *Tribune* will raise the *Taylor* flag to-morrow.

Capt. Baker, of the ship *Thomas Perkins* had a quarrel with one of his seamen, supposed in relation to one of the female passengers. He fired a pistol at him, missing him, and then attacked him with a cutlass, inflicting several wounds. Capt. B. then attempted to escape, but was pursued by a mob from the Perkins and other ships, and was with with difficulty placed in the station house. He was hit with stones several times. The house is now guarded by a large force of police, and great numbers are congregated about it.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27—3, P. M.

Mr. Secretary Walker has adopted a plan to let a loan of $800,000 from our Sub Treasury.

By the arrival of the Mary Emeline at Baltimore, on Sunday, news has been received from Jamaica to the 7th inst., from Charges to the 19th and from Callao to the 20th. War is still going on between the government and the insurgents. On the 16th of July the steamer Rimac and Captain Deale, with 250 men captured a place called Arica, with a loss of 102 killed and wounded on the part of the insurgents, and 10 on the side of Deale. The officer commanding the post, with all his men, were taken prisoners, and delivered at Callaos.

Gen. Santa Ana, wife and daughter, are studying English at Jamaica, and intend making that island their permanent abode.

An arrival at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 5th, brings very peaceful intelligence from Hayti The disturbances among the negroes have been highly exagerated.

President Conlaugue recently reprieved four [colored persons sentenced to be hung, and the act has given him great popularity.

Measures have been taken for effectually restoring commerce on a more solid footing. The only defect of the daring President is that he is inordinately ambitious and cares not by what means he obtains friends. He is determined to keep Boyer in exile.

George Williams, alias "Slappy" made restitution yesterday at Philadelphia, of $12,000 of the money stolen from Dr. Darlington, President of the Chester County Bank. Developments are being made in the matter which are very astonishing and will result in bringing to justice several notorious criminals.

MARKET.—Flour is easier and demand active. Sales 800 at $5 45 for mixed and 5 50a5 56 for straight and pure. The demand is good for export.

Corn has an upward tendency, with sales of 30,000 bu. at 67a68 for mixed, 75a76 for round.

Oats 31—Rye 67 cts.

Wheat held $1 28—1 26 offered.

Buffalo, Sept 27, 3 P. M.

Produce market less buoyant to-day. Sales 3500 bbls, Flour at $4 58a5 56a4 75.

Sales 6000 bush. Wis. wheat at 93 cts. 2500 bush. O. at 94 cts.

Corn inactive and buyers scarce at yesterday's rates. The tendency downward—no sales worth noticing.

WILCOX & CO.,

DEALERS in Groceries of various kinds, Provisions, Fruits, Candies, Wines, Liquors, &c.

ARRIVAL EXTRAORDINARY!

NEW GOODS—GREAT FALL IN PRICES.

C. B. WRIGHT respectfully informs his numerous friends and customers, that he has just returned from Boston and New York, and is now receiving an extensive and unusual variety of Fashionable Fall and Winter Goods, which have been choicely selected and purchased under such favorable circumstances as to enable him to offer Goods of most every variety and style much cheaper than ever. My stock is much larger than I have ever before offered in this market, and comprises such greater *variety*, all of which must be sold, and at such prices that no Establishment can get under, and for a pledge of this fact, I respectfully invite all those that wish to buy of or even see, a good and well-selected assortment of Goods, to drop in at the Brick Corner, opposite the Eagle Hotel, for particulars. Sept. 29.

Fashionable Dress Goods,

NOW opening, direct from Boston, a choice selection of Dress Goods of New styles, such as Toil de Paris Merinos, satin stripe Brocade and changeable Cashmeres, (very beautiful,) also, imperial and changeable Lustres, striped and plaid do., figured, printed and embroidered Cashmeres, (the late styles,) together with a great variety of French and English De Laines, &c. &c., to which I invite the attention of the Ladies. C. B. WRIGHT.
Sept. 29, 1848.

STRAY COW.—Strayed from the Subscriber living in Erie, on the 10th inst., a large Brindle Cow, nearly four years old, horns turn in, and gave no milk when she went away. Whoever will return said Cow, or give information where she may be found, shall be suitably rewarded. BENNETT JONES.
Erie, Sept. 25, 1848. 3w

Shawls! Shawls!!

LONG AND SQUARE.

100 DIFFERENT PATTERNS, including the all wool Long Shawl, Cashmere, Brocha, Turkish Wool, Brocade, Stradilla, and all other styles to be found new and cheap at Sept. 29, C. B. WRIGHT'S
Corner Store.

Fall of 1848 NEW Fall of 1848.
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Arriving in large quantities at the new Store of MOSES KOCH, Commercial Exchange, on French St., Erie, Pa.

I have the pleasure of informing my friends and customers in town and country, that I am now receiving my full supply of NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS, which, as usual embraces all the varieties of rich and beautiful Goods in market, and which are to be sold at the proverbial low prices of the Old Jew Store, familiar to every man, woman and child in this corner of the State. Notice the following: FOR THE LADIES. Heavy Italian and Chanelion Silks, Gros de Rhine Satin stripe, Pekin, watered, striped and plaid, black Italian do. satin striped and embroidered Robes de Laine, plain and printed Cashmeres, embroidered Robes, changeable Madonas, French Merinoes, mode colors, plaid Long Shawls, Broche, Cashmere and Silk Shawls, embroidered Cashmere do. black and colored silk Fringes, Brussels Lace, Lisle and thread Laces, needle wrought Collars, Jenny Lind Collars, French Kid Gloves, Bonnett Satins and Ribbons, shirred satin Bonnets, Plumes and Flowers &c.
Erie Sept. 29 1848.

CLOTHS! CLOTHS!!—French, English and American Broad Cloths and Cassimeres of every color, shade and quality.—VESTINGS, VESTINGS. Figured and striped Cassimere and heavy black satin Vestings, fancy silk, Vestings, black and fancy silk and serge Cravats, silk Shirts, Merino do., and Drawers, Gloves, Suspenders, &c., CAPS Cloth and Plush Caps, cheap at the Old Jew store, Commercial Exchange, French street.

FURS.—Muffs of every description, at the Old Jew store on French street, cheap.

CARPETING AND OIL CLOTHS.—A very handsome lot of new Carpeting and Oil Cloths arriving at the Old Jew store on French street.
Erie Sept. 29 1848. MOSES KOCH.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS TESTAMENTRY on the estate of Robt. Sample, with will annexed late of North East dec'd., having been granted the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claim against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement. JAMES DUGAN,
JAMES WHITEHILL, } Adm'rs.
Sept 29, 1848, 6t29

Public Notice.

WILL be offered for sale on Tuesday, the 31st day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, all that certain brick building in the Borough of Erie, known as the "Rio Grande Recess," and fronting twenty feet on French street in said Borough. For particulars enquire of the Subscriber.
Erie, Sept. 29, 1848. JOHN GALBRAITH.

NOTICE.

HAVING disposed of our stock of Goods to Aaron Lick, of Edinboro', we are anxious that our business should be closed up as soon as possible. To those having unsettled accounts with us we would say, call and settle. If you have not the money to pay your accounts, you can at least close them by giving your Notes. BROWN & McCARTER.
Erie, Sept. 22, 1848

WELCH, DELEVAN & NATHANS'

National Circus.

J. W. BANCKER, Agent.

WILL exhibit in Erie, Monday, October the 9th, FOR ONE DAY ONLY.

The procession will parade through town at about 10 o'clock. A. M. Admission 25 Cents—no half price. Open at 2½ and 7 o'clock, P. M.

THE ARMAMAXA,

Or Imperial Persian Chariot drawn by 36 horses.

This gorgeous Chariot, from the manufactory of J. Stephenson & Co., 27th St. New York, has just been completed. For its graceful portions, exquisite workmanship, and brilliant emblazonry it has never been equalled either in ancient or modern times. It is said to be fashioned after the model of the Imperial Chariots of Persia, during the reign of Cyrus the Great.

The sides of the Chariot are divided into six panels, separated by richly gilded scroll work in the style of Louis XIV. The scroll work is bordered by beautiful frill moulding, and runs along the top as well as the bottom of the Chariot.

The seat of the Charioteer is covered with a rich hammercloth of purple velvet trimmed with deep silver fringe, pendant from a border of blue and yellow velvet, the whole decorated with eagles, equestrian figures, stars and flowers, wrought in gold and silver. The Charioteer appears borne along between the expanded wings of two mighty dragons, apparently of massive gold, which couch above the fore wheels of the Chariot.

The Performance, &c.

A very brief description of the names and position of these non-parieils, of professional skill, may be needful to the public, who wish to understand their standing and pretensions.

The Equestrian Manager, to whom is entrusted the arrangement and order of the scenes, acts, professional Pageants and general Cavalcade, is

MR. J. J. NATHANS,

of the highest celebrity as a superior *leo and four horse rider*.—This gentleman's style is manly, energetic and masterly. In his scenes of Centaur and Infant Achelles he is assisted by

FRANK PASTOR,

A most interesting and highly gifted child. This Infant Artist, will appear on his flying courser in an act entitled *Nimrod Junior*, in which he will justify the remarks of the press, that for grace, beauty and courage, he is the most wonderful child in the world.

This miniature prodigy will, with his yet younger and smaller BROTHER WILLIAM, be introducedby his instructor, J. J. Nathans, in a series of personal gymnastics.

YOUTHFUL RICHARD RIVERS.

Whose professional path has literally been strewn with garlands, medals and tokens of approbation, stands confessedly forth as a model of excellence in the Science of Equestrianism.

IL SIGNOR GERMANI,

The great rider of Italy; whose horse gallops a different course from any other in the ring, will after his own singular school, appear in an Equestrian act, representing the HINDOO MIRACLES of an East Indian juggler, attired in the exact costume and caste of his tribe, with an Ottery of Indian Swords and Sacred Daggers, the Sacred Vase of Destiny and Fated Bullet.

A very novel and most agreeable episode will be introduced with the two LEARNED DOGS of Signor Germani. They can comprehend and perform a variety of feats and tricks, too extraordinary to be believed unless witnessed. They may truly be pronounced the greatest wonders of the age.

WASHINGTON CHAMBERS,

will for the first time in this country, ride and enact the beautiful personation of the *Beguin of Mexico, Gen. Taylor, Jackes*, a Yankee Volunteer, *Santa Anna*, and the Genius of Freedom, baring on its flag the memorable resolve of "We never surrender."

SAMES HAWKINS,

A very celebrated equestrian in Roman and Grecian characters, especially in the double scene of the Two Gladiators of Cesar, acted and rode with J. J. Nathans.

MR. E. WOOD,

Will give his terrific act of the Wild Indian of the Prairie, in which he will introduce those astonishing feats of equestrianism so peculiar to these tribes, and of which travelers give such wonderful and most incredible accounts.

GEORGE DUNBAR.

His scene of Personal Position is of the most finished and wonderful. His skill in Equilibrium and Power of Balance exceeds all professors who have gone before him.

MR. FRANK BROWER,

Is the Merryman Buffo of the Equestrian Arena Entertainments.

MR. N. JOHNSON, RING MASTER,

Of the Equestrian Scenes. His Orical Pageants and Grand Cavalcades are relieved by COMIC CONCERTS, for which the following eminent Vocal and Instrumental Performers have been engaged, and whose correct delineations of character give life to their Ethiopian extravaganzas.

T. BROWER, NEIL JEMIESON,
J. MALLORY, TONY GERMON,

To render the entertainment free from tediousness they will be relieved with BALLETS of all descriptions, including the peculiar *pas de danse*, fashionable in the West Indies.

The company will perform in Conneaut the 7th, North East the 10th, Westfield the 11th, Mayville the 12th and Jamestown the 13th of October.
Erie, September 22, 1848.

TESTED BY THOUSANDS.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

SCARCELY have ten short years elapsed since an humble attempt was made to introduce by means of a suitable medical preparation a few of the herbs of the Indian. All was dark at the time as to the result. The most that could be estimated was, that the principles adopted as the basis to build upon were sound. So much reliance was placed upon calomel and the lancet, that the ill success of the new experiment would have tended to confirm that reliance, while it struck the public of the projector.

Now, however, all doubt and difficulty is at an end. Everywhere this medicine has been received with welcome; everywhere has its use been attended with the most gratifying success. From small beginnings, its sales are now counted by millions! and it is held in higher estimation at the present time than when it was originally introduced.

Cure of Fever and Ague.

Russells ille, Putnam Co. In., July 17, 1847.

Dr. Wright—Some time since, your agent left me a supply of your Indian Vegetable Pills. I have found said pills to be in great demand lately for the cure of Fever and Ague. Mr. James Boyd has a son who has been laid up with Fever and Ague, and had tried various other remedies, all of which proved of no avail.—He determined to try your Indian Vegetable Pills, and by using one box is now sound and well. Mr. T. Spencer had a daughter, Mr. H. Groves a son, and Mr. G. Nichols and three of his family were all down at the same time with Fever and Ague, and had also tried the various other remedies without effect. Your Indian Vegetable Pills soon restored them all to perfect health. I can assure you from what I have seen, your Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on for a perfect cure of Fever and Ague.

Yours, respectfully, JACOB DURHAM, P. M.

Certificate from Col. Tate, editor of the Columbia Democrat, Pa.

Office of the Columbia Democrat,
Bloomsburg, Columbia Co. Pa., March 4, 1848.

Dr. William Wright—Dear Sir: I am one of the many whose aversion to quack nostrums has deprived them of the benefits resulting from the use of good medicines. Acting under this influence, I have seldom resorted to the Pill box. Last March, when you commenced advertising in my paper, I was induced to give your Indian Vegetable Pills a trial, and after having fairly tested their merits for myself and family, gave them a decided preference over every other preparation.

In every instance when afflicted with sick headache, or when the stream of life was encumbered with morbid humors; I found speedy relief from the use of your Pills. By taking from four to six on going to bed, when indisposed, I have always been restored to health, without loss of time, and without the expense of a physician. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills possess the distinguishment of operating effectually without disturbing the rest of the patient, and in my case, without even producing sickness to the stomach. Respectfully your friend, &c., LEVI L. TATE.

[From the Delaware Express, Delhi, N. Y.]

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.—Although not particularly friendly to patent medicines, we must confess that we have become a convert to these pills, having an opportunity on two or three occasions to test their efficacy. For a gentle medicine, one or two will be found mild though effective. Where the system is impurities have accumulated, and more thorough medicine is required, a dose of three or four of these pills taken on going to bed, will be found effectual in cleansing the stomach, and restoring the bowels to a healthy state. We speak from experience; and take pleasure in commending the pills to the public.

AGENTS.—O. D. Stafford, Erie; W. & P. Judson & Co., Waterford; John McClure, Girard; Abraham Tourtellott, Union; Riley Potter, West Springfield; W. H. Townsend, Springfield; E. C. Town & Co., Wattsburg and North East.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, wholesale and retail, 169 Race street, Philadelphia; 288 Greenwich street, New York; and 193 Tremont st., Boston.
Erie, May 1, 1848. 37

Executor's Sale.

BY order of the Orphan's Court, will be exposed to sale, by public Auction or vendue, on the premises in the township of Greenfield on Saturday the 14th day of Oct. next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all the right, interest, property, claim, and demand of James Marshall, late of said township, deceased, at the time of his decease, all the following described piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being situate in township of Greenfield, county of Erie and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—beginning at the North East corner at a post; thence south 53 perches to a post; thence East 352 perches to the place of beginning containing one hundred and three acres and 102 perches of land with the allowance, be the same more or less—excepting and reserving two rods square for a burying ground where the graves now are, on said land there is about 50 acres under improvement, a small orchard and a good frame barn.

Terms of sale, one fourth in hand, the balance in three equal, annual payments, with interest; to be secured by judgment, bond and mortgage. JAMES WILSON,
Sept. 29, 1848.[3t20] Surviving Executor of JAMES MORE.

Houses and Lot at Public Sale.

WILL BE SOLD on Saturday, the 30th inst., at the Market House, at 2 P. M., the School Houses on Third, Fourth and Eighth streets, and in Jerusalem, belonging to the School District of Erie Borough, with the fixtures. Also, at the same time and places, the half of Lot No. 703, situate near the corner of Tenth and Holland streets, with the House erected thereon, will be offered for sale. By order. R. G. HULBURT,
JOHN HILL, } Build'g Com.
Sept. 27, 1848. JAMES C. REID, }

TERMS—One half on the delivery of the building, and the balance the first day of January.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

THIS SPACIOUS ESTABLISHMENT IS NEARLY NEW—newly furnished, and only 3 doors from Broadway, and a short distance from the principal Mercantile Houses, which renders it desirable for the Business Man, as well as those visiting the City for pleasure: It will accommodate about 200 persons.

The Proprietor, J. B. Curtis, as well as Capt. J. M. Flint, formerly of the Pearl St. House, would be most happy to see their old friends and customers at the National, where every attention will be paid to make their stay in the City pleasant and agreeable.
New York, Sept. 22, 1848. 1mtw J. B. CURTIS.

Notice.

WHEREAS my wife Margaret, has left my bed and board, without just cause or provocation, I hereby caution all persons not to trust her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting, after this date. REMINGER SNORE.
Erie, Sept. 23, 1848. 3tw

Window Sash, and Glass.

CARTER & BROTHER have now on hand and intend keeping constantly, a supply of the best quality of Window Sash of all sizes—ready filled with Eastern Glass of the first Brands—which they will sell as low as the lowest, even where the Pittsburgh article is used. The Painting and Glazing is done in such a manner as to give entire satisfaction. Orders for Sash or Glass, of any size, quality or quantity, received and promptly attended to. Persons who contemplate building, will be able, by calling on us, to make very satisfactory arrangements for the above articles, as well as for Paints, Nails, &c.
Erie, Sept 15, 1848. No. 6, Reed House.

HAMBURGH CHEESE,

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block by
June 30, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

WELCH, DELEVAN & NATHANS'

National Circus.

J. W. BANCKER, Agent.

WILL exhibit in Erie, Monday, October the 9th, FOR ONE DAY ONLY.

The procession will parade through town at about 10 o'clock. A. M. Admission 25 Cents—no half price. Open at 2½ and 7 o'clock, P. M.

THE ARMAMAXA,

Or Imperial Persian Chariot drawn by 36 horses.

This gorgeous Chariot, from the manufactory of J. Stephenson & Co., 27th St. New York, has just been completed. For its graceful portions, exquisite workmanship, and brilliant emblazonry it has never been equalled either in ancient or modern times. It is said to be fashioned after the model of the Imperial Chariots of Persia, during the reign of Cyrus the Great.

The sides of the Chariot are divided into six panels, separated by richly gilded scroll work in the style of Louis XIV. The scroll work is bordered by beautiful frill moulding, and runs along the top as well as the bottom of the Chariot.

The seat of the Charioteer is covered with a rich hammercloth of purple velvet trimmed with deep silver fringe, pendant from a border of blue and yellow velvet, the whole decorated with eagles, equestrian figures, stars and flowers, wrought in gold and silver. The Charioteer appears borne along between the expanded wings of two mighty dragons, apparently of massive gold, which couch above the fore wheels of the Chariot.

The Performance, &c.

A very brief description of the names and position of these non-parieils, of professional skill, may be needful to the public, who wish to understand their standing and pretensions.

The Equestrian Manager, to whom is entrusted the arrangement and order of the scenes, acts, professional Pageants and general Cavalcade, is

MR. J. J. NATHANS,

of the highest celebrity as a superior *leo and four horse rider*.—This gentleman's style is manly, energetic and masterly. In his scenes of Centaur and Infant Achelles he is assisted by

FRANK PASTOR,

A most interesting and highly gifted child. This Infant Artist, will appear on his flying courser in an act entitled *Nimrod Junior*, in which he will justify the remarks of the press, that for grace, beauty and courage, he is the most wonderful child in the world.

This miniature prodigy will, with his yet younger and smaller BROTHER WILLIAM, be introducedby his instructor, J. J. Nathans, in a series of personal gymnastics.

YOUTHFUL RICHARD RIVERS.

Whose professional path has literally been strewn with garlands, medals and tokens of approbation, stands confessedly forth as a model of excellence in the Science of Equestrianism.

IL SIGNOR GERMANI,

The great rider of Italy; whose horse gallops a different course from any other in the ring, will after his own singular school, appear in an Equestrian act, representing the HINDOO MIRACLES of an East Indian juggler, attired in the exact costume and caste of his tribe, with an Ottery of Indian Swords and Sacred Daggers, the Sacred Vase of Destiny and Fated Bullet.

A very novel and most agreeable episode will be introduced with the two LEARNED DOGS of Signor Germani. They can comprehend and perform a variety of feats and tricks, too extraordinary to be believed unless witnessed. They may truly be pronounced the greatest wonders of the age.

WASHINGTON CHAMBERS,

will for the first time in this country, ride and enact the beautiful personation of the *Beguin of Mexico, Gen. Taylor, Jackes*, a Yankee Volunteer, *Santa Anna*, and the Genius of Freedom, baring on its flag the memorable resolve of "We never surrender."

SAMES HAWKINS,

A very celebrated equestrian in Roman and Grecian characters, especially in the double scene of the Two Gladiators of Cesar, acted and rode with J. J. Nathans.

MR. E. WOOD,

Will give his terrific act of the Wild Indian of the Prairie, in which he will introduce those astonishing feats of equestrianism so peculiar to these tribes, and of which travelers give such wonderful and most incredible accounts.

GEORGE DUNBAR.

His scene of Personal Position is of the most finished and wonderful. His skill in Equilibrium and Power of Balance exceeds all professors who have gone before him.

MR. FRANK BROWER,

Is the Merry

Miscellany, Politics and News.

SOUL DISCIPLINE.

BY MRS. OAKES SMITH.

No inward pang, no yearning love
Is lost to human hearts;
No anguish that the spirit feels
When bright-winged hope departs;
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail—
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail—

Yet all becomes a discipline
To lure us to the sky;
And angels bear the good it brings,
With fostering care on high.
Though others, weary at the watch,
May sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude,
And agony to weep—

Yet they with ministering zeal
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away on heavenly wing,
And thus the inner life is wrought,
The blending earth and heaven—
To love more earnest in its glow,
Where much has been forgiven.

ADDRESS OF
THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

DEMOCRATS OF PENNSYLVANIA:—If we have not addressed you as frequently during the present political canvass, as was accordant with custom, or with the public expectation, the omission has arisen from no want of inclination to discharge with efficiency and fidelity the appointment conferred upon us by the 4th of March Convention. Our silence has rather resulted from the conviction that you well understand the nature of the contest in which the parties are engaged, properly appreciate the immensity of the interests at stake, and are fully alive to the high duties devolving upon you as American citizens. We have never for a moment doubted, that you, one and all, esteem the *Right of Suffrage* as among the most invaluable of all your political privileges, distinguishing your institutions above those of any other people on the face of the earth—nor have we at all questioned, that at the decisive moment you would again be found at your posts, ready to prostrate by your ballots, as you have so often done before, the enemies of those principles which are identical with the peace, safety, and welfare of the American people. So repeatedly have you demonstrated your acquiescence in the truism "*Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty*," that we have deemed it presumptuous to importune you to the exercise of a duty, which, like Hesperian fruit, you have ever guarded with the utmost jealousy and watchfulness.

Our labors have also been in no inconsiderable degree lessened by the fact that our Federal opponents, by the abandonment of all their cherished doctrines, followed in many places by the surrender of even their *name*, have emblazoned no *principles* on their banners, and consequently furnish but comparatively few of those opposite elements that have characterized most of the past conflicts for the Presidency. By the selection of a candidate for this high trust, who has pertinaciously refused to commit himself to the views of the party that has thus gratuitously favored him—except in so far as a cold acceptance of its barren honors is susceptible of a contrary interpretation—they have voluntarily relinquished all manner of title to the support of that portion of their own friends, who claim to be governed by views of a distinctive policy—and have thereby debased their action in the existing canvass to a mere struggle for the gratification of *personal* attachment. By the rejection of the hard-earned and well-established claims of the most illustrious and faithful among their Whig champions, and by the substitution, in the front of the fight, of one who throughout his whole life has never once condescend to exercise the right of suffrage, and who, according to his own confessions, owing to a want of time and to a disinclination for investigation, has *formed no political opinions whatsoever*—they have literally for the present, abandoned their identity as a party! First branding with every epithet of detraction the just and unavoidable war in which our country was engaged with Mexico, they were next guilty of the unpardonable inconsistency of nominating one of the successful soldiers of that war as their candidate—and this, all his own protestations of unfitness, and in the face of his reiterated refusal to adopt their name or their principles as a party! The Whig vessel is, therefore, embarked on a perilous and tempestous voyage, without compass or rudder, and it is not hazardous to predict, that it is destined to a speedy and total shipwreck. At the shrine of supposed *availability* they have sacrificed all the pride of doctrine and opinion for which they formerly contended, and in the lowest deep of humiliation must our ancient foe bewail the madness and folly of their infatuated leaders.

Whilst such is the pitiful condition of our opponents, we doubt whether the annals of the past record a period when the Democratic party of this country occupied more impregnable ground, or had better reason for hearty self-felicitations, than the present. Unawed by the presentation of a name, associated with deeds of martial renown so recent that the land was still jocund with their recital, the Democratic party has marched steadily forward in the pathway of duty, resolved to suffer no *ignis fatuus* to divert it to the right hand or to the left, to blind its vision, bewilder its judgment, or misdirect its footsteps. In good report and in evil report, in sunshine and in storm, it has adhered unflinchingly to its PRINCIPLES—has suffered not one of its consecrated banners to be lowered—not one of its hallowed watch-words to be erased—but has rather elevated them to the highest mountain-peaks, so that the whole world may run and read. Inscribed upon our time-honored flag, as prized in our heart's just estimation above all price, are these inspiring watch-words; EQUAL RIGHTS *to all*, and SPECIAL PRIVILEGES *to none:* NO CORPORATE MONOPOLIES, *or legislative interference with the business pursuits of citizens:* NO UNITED STATES BANK, *the chief engine of an arrogant domestic despotism:* A TARIFF FOR REVENUE, *to supply the wants of the government economically administered:* NON-INTERFERENCE *in the domestic concerns of the States, and a strict construction of the Federal Constitution: No diversion of the proceeds of the Public Land Sales, for purposes of individual speculation, or as a bribe to the States:* PEACE, COMMERCE and HONEST FRIENDSHIP *with all nations, entangling alliances with none:* FREEDOM OF RELIGION: FREEDOM OF THE PRESS: FREE SUFFRAGE *and the extension of Civil and Religious Liberty to the Alien, who has fled to our hospitable shores to escape the oppression of his rulers at home:* THE SUB-TREASURY, *by which the people make an independent use of their own money, without the agency of Banks: Curtailment of the Paper Money System, and the infusion into trade of a larger amount of gold and silver, the currency of the Constitution:* THE PRESERVATION OF THE VETO POWER, *exercised by* WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON and JACKSON.

These principles form the bright constellation which has guided the Democratic party of this country through many a conflict of fear and peril—which have made our nation honored, respected and powerful; and upon the maintenance of which we verily believe, depend the future glory and greatness, if not the existence, of this proud Republic. They constitute the creed of our political faith—the "text of civic instruction" the touchstone, by which to try the services of those we trust. Whilst we adhere to them, we need never despair of the Republic, for we are on the road that leads to Peace, Liberty and Safety.

To these principles our candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, General LEWIS CASS and WILLIAM O. BUTLER, are committed by all the obligations of the present and the past. Great and venerated as are these names, and distinguished alike for deeds of martial and civic renown, they would present no attraction to us, or to you, but for their identification with the undying truths which we profess. We honor them for their services, their abilities, and their public and private virtues, but we honor them most in their selection as the agents for imparting a consistent and conscientious efficacy to the popular will.

MORRIS LONGSTRETH, selected as the Democratic candidates for Governor, is equally worthy of our suffrages because equally devoted to these imperishable principles. Like the lamented Shunk, he has risen to merited fame by a life of industry and integrity, unsopported by the adventitious aids of family wealth and influence—and we esteem it no ordinary praise to say, that he is worthy to assume the mantle of that venerated and lamented patriot. He was a democrat, and one of its candidates for Congress in the city of Philadelphia, in the perilous season when the great Paper Moloch waged its war against the pure and incorruptible ANDREW JACKSON. The man that could breast the fury of the King Bank *then*, will not quail before the assaults of the lesser principalities *now*. The man that was proof in that struggle against the blandishments of the most gigantic and corrupt moined institution the world has ever beheld, can safely be entrusted with the helm of State *in Pennsylvania*. It is difficult to conceive a crime of greater moral turpitude, than when a man, by fair professions, gains the confidence and the votes of *an unsuspecting* and free people, who afterwards, by desertion of these professions, betrays the trust reposed in him. For such an offence, the laws of the land should provide a penalty. MORRIS LONGSTRETH *will never prove one of these* He will never "hold the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope."—He will enter upon his Executive trust a radical, reliable, sincere and honest Democrat, and will be found such, we feel assured, at the end of his service. As was the case with honest Frank Shunk, every Democratic heart will throb with rejoicing when he delivers his Inaugural, and the same warm hearts, too, whatever *the circumstances*, will palpitate with sorrow when he shall send forth his Valedictory. We predict for MORRIS LONGSTRETH a career of unexampled usefulness and honor.

We can scarcely esteem it necessary to direct the Democracy of Pennsylvania to the paramount importance of the Gubernatorial election. Elect LONGSTRETH by an old-fashioned majority, of from 15 to 18,000, in October, and the task of carrying the State, by a like majority, for CASS and BUTLER, in November, is more than half accomplished. All that we need to the attainment of both these grand results, is ORGANIZATION—without which it may, and often does prove true, that the "race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The details of this desirable work we submit to the superior discretion and judgement of the County and Township Committees. We can only express the hope, that it will be most thorough and perfect, reaching every house and hamlet in the wide Commonwealth—one that will arouse the dormant, excite the lukewarm, and enkindle in the very hearts of the people a burning desire to meet their old enemies at the BALLOT BOXES—the great battle-ground, from which Democracy is ever sure to emerge victorious. Then will the welkin again ring with the gladdening shouts of the honest and independent yeomary, who are content to work out their own prosperity without a resort to special privileges and chartered monopolies.

Respectfully, your Fellow-citizens.

EDWIN W. HUTTER, *Chairman.*

MARCUS D. HOLBROOK,	FRANCIS A. THOMAS,
SOLOMAN DEMEERS,	J. A. PHILLIPS,
LEWIS PELOUZE,	JOHN ROBBINS, Jr.,
WM. B. RANKEN,	GEORGE PLITT,
JOHN W. RYAN,	[illegible] CLARK,
WM. J. LEIPER,	OWEN JONES,
CHARLES KUGLER,	JOHN PICKMAN,
JOHN JOHNSON,	L. P. HITCHCOCK,
A. K. WRIGHT,	GEO. R. M'FARLAND,
ROBERT M. BARR,	WM. M. HEISTER,
JOHN C. MYERS,	PETER BOWMAN,
J. R. M'CLINTOCK,	JOHN C. DUNN,
JOHN COYLE,	RODY PATTERSON,
HENRY S. M'GRAW,	R. C. HALE,
GEORGE RAHN,	JAMES E. BUCHANAN,
Dr. LUTHER RILEY,	HAMILTON ALRICKS,
CHRISTIAN SEIZER, Jr.,	HENRY BUEHLER,
ISAAC G. M'KINLEY,	JACOB BABB,
E. A. LESLEY,	Dr. A. PATTERSON,
D. W. C. BROOKS,	R. A. LAMBERTON,
A. D. WILSON,	B. F. SLOAN.

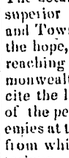
THE END OF EDUCATION.—The multitude think that to educate a child, is to crowd into its mind a given amount of knowledge: to teach the mechanism of reading and writing; to load the memory with words—to prepare for the routine of trade.—No wonder, then, that they think every body fit to teach. The true end of education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth powers of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to observe, to reason, to judge, to contrive; power to gain and spread happiness.—Reading is but an instrument, education is to teach its best use. The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates, and facts; but to be active for the acquisitions of truth. Accordingly, education should inspire a profound love of truth, and teach the process of investigation. A sound logic, by which we mean the science or art which instructs in the laws of reasoning and evidence, in the true method of inquiry and the sources of false judgment, is an essential part of a good education.—*Channing.*

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.—Instances frequently occur in which domestic animals are evidently made instrumental in the preservation of life by the application of a sagacity which does not fall within the usual range of their intellects. The following circumstances was related to me soon after its occurrence, says a correspondent of the "Friend's Review," by a man upon whose veracity I can rely, who received it immediately from the subject of the narrative.

About 20 years ago, J. B., who resided in Chester county, Penn., not far from the west branch of the Brandywine, was returning home on horseback at a time when that stream, across which his road lay, was much swollen by rain or melting snow. The depth and force of the current dislodged him from his seat, and he was cast upon a bank, formed, I think, by a cake of ice, where his life was in evident jeopardy.

The horse, in the meantime, released from restraint, made his way to the shore; but instead of running away, he stopped on the bank, looked round and neighed. Perceiving his master in his perilous situation, surrounded by the rushing torrent, the sagacious animal returned into the water, and coming close to him, stood there till he was secured on his back. And this could not hastily be done, as the man was advanced in years, and his clothes saturated in water. Not being able to regain the ford, the pair arrived at the margin of the stream at a place where the bank was too steep to be mounted by the horse with his burden. Help at length came, and the horse and his rider were extricated from their dangerous position: but the former was so much exhausted by his exertions, that he lay down and stretched himself out as if dying. He recovered, and his owner assured my informant, that no price that could be offered, should ever, while he lived, transfer the noble beast to another master.

Ready Made Clothing at the Clothing Store, Commercial Exchange.



THE subscriber has now on hand at his NEW CLOTHING STORE, a very extensive assortment of first rate CLOTHING, made up in the latest style and in the best manner, which he is determined to sell for CASH

25 per cent. Lower

than any other establishment in this place. His stock of Clothing comprises every grade, from superior to common, and no one who patronizes the establishment shall be disappointed in regard to quality, cut or price. Notice the showing:

Superfine and Fine French Black Dress Coats;
English Tweed and Mohair Sack Coats;
Black Summer Cloth Coats of every Cut;
Black and Fancy Cassimere Pants;
Satin, Silk, Merino and Cassimere Vests;
Linin and Cotton Clothing of every kind;

For Sailors and Canallers, OIL-CLOTH CLOTHING AND TARPAULINS.

Also, Fine and common Shirts, Silk shirts and drawers, Merino do, Cravats, Collars, Stocks, Bosoms, stocks, suspenders, &c.,&c.

He has experienced and fashionable Cutters employed and will cut and trim in the best manner and make all kinds of clothing to order, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

The public are invited to call and inspect the clothing in the new and cheap establishment in the Commercial Exchange, French st. opposite the Banner Hotel. MOSES KOCH.

May 19, 1848. 1

PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, for the incorporation of a Bank, to be called "The Canal Bank of Erie, with a capital of *One Hundred Thousand Dollars, with privilege of increasing* it to Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, with all the usual Banking privileges, to be located in the Borough and county of Erie, State of Pennsylvania.

Erie, July 13, 1848. 9

James C. Marshall,	Jos. M. Sterrett,
W. Caldwell,	P. Metcalf,
C. M. Tibbals,	Samuel Hays,
Benj. Tomlinson,	John C. Beebe,
Smith Jackson	Carson Graham,
Thomas H. Sill,	John A Tracy,
James Williams	William Kelsey,
Wm. A. Galbraith,	J. H. Williams,
Chas. B. Wright,	Wm. S. Lane,
George Kellogg,	J. W. Fullerton.

HAMBURGH CHEESE,

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block by
June 23d 1848. T. W. MOORE.

DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.—This extract is put up in quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening or debilitating the patient.

GREAT FALL AND WINTER MEDICINE.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicine is, while it eradicates diseases, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Fall and Winter medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system, strengthens the person, but it creates new, pure and rich blood; a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 20,000 of these were considered incurable.

More than 3,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism;
2,000 cases of dispepsia;
4,000 cases of General debility and Want of Energy;
7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints;
2,000 cases of Scrofula;
1,500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy;
8,000 cases of Consumption;

And thousands of cases of diseases of the blood, viz: Ulcers, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the Face, &c., together with numerous cases of Sick Headache, *Pain in the Side* and Chest, Spinal Affections, &c., &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from Physicians and our Agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable Druggists in Newark, N. J., informs us that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the preventative of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON,

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season. It has never been known to injure in the least the most delicate child.

RHEUMATISM.

This Sarsaparilla is used with the most perfect success in Rheumatic complaints, however severe or chronic. The astonishing cures it has performed are indeed wonderful. Other remedies sometimes give temporary relief, this entirely eradicates it from the system even when the limbs are dreadfully swollen.

LF Hear Mr. Seth Terry, one of the oldest and most respectable lawyers in Hartford, Conn. The following is an extract of a letter received from him:

DR. TOWNSEND.—I have used one bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and find it is excellent in its effects upon a chronic Rheumatic pain to which I am subject, from an injury occasioned several years ago in a public stage. Please send me two bottles to the care of Dr. Seymour. I have conversed with two of our principal physicians, and they recommend your Sarsaparilla.

Hartford, March 12, 1845. SETH TERRY.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Hectic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c., have been and can be cured.

DR. TOWNSEND—Dear Sir: Nearly twenty years ago I took a violent cold which settled on my lungs, and affected severely; indeed, finally it became a confirmed hacking cough, but not so severe as to prevent me from attending to my business. Within the last few years it increased very gradually, at last I became reduced—I breathed with difficulty, and raised with my Cough much foul matter, and for the last nine months previous to my using your Sarsaparilla, had regular night sweats; indeed, my friends and myself supposed that I would die with the consumption; but I have the happiness to inform you that to my surprise, after using three bottles of your Sarsaparilla, I find my health restored. It relieved me gradually, and I am enjoying better health than I have for 26 years. I had almost entirely lost my appetite, which is also returned. *You are at liberty to publish this with my name in the papers, if you choose.*

My little girl, who is three years old, had a very bad cough the whole of last Winter. While using the medicine I gave her some of it; and it soon entirely relieved her, as well as myself, and she is now well and hearty as any child I ever saw. She was also full of little blotches; it took them away and her skin is smooth and fair now; and I am satisfied she recovered her health from using your excellent medicine. S. W. CONANT.

GIRLS, READ THIS.

You who have pale complexions, dull eyes, blotches on the face, rough skin, are "out of Spirits," use a bottle or two of the Doctor Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It will cleanse your blood, remove the freckles and blotches, and give you animation, sparkling eyes, fine spirits, and beautiful complexion—all of which are of immense value to unmarried ladies.

TO MOTHERS & MARRIED LADIES.

This Extract of Sarsaparilla has been expressly prepared in reference to female complaints. No female who has reason to suppose she is approaching that critical period, "the turn of life," should neglect to take it, as it is a certain preventative for any of the numerous and horrible diseases to which females are subject at this time of life. This period may be delayed several years by using this medicine. Nor is it less valuable for those approaching womanhood, as it is calculated to assist nature, by quickening the blood and invigorating the system. Indeed this medicine is invaluable for all the disease to which women are subject.

It leaves the whole system, renews permanently the natural energies—by removing the impurities of the body—not to stimulating the system so as to produce a subsequent relaxation which is the case of most medicines taken for female weakness and disease.

SCROFULA CURED.

This certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

THREE CHILDREN.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores, leave taken only four bottles it took them away, for which I feel myself under deep obligation.

Yours respectfully, ISAAC W. CRAIN, 196 Wooster-st.

New York, March 1, 1847.

CAUTION.

Owing to the great success and ingenious sale of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, a number of men, who were formerly our Agents, have commenced making Sarsaparilla, Elixirs, Bitters, &c., &c. They generally put it up in the same shaped bottles, claiming that theirs is far superior and four times stronger than Dr. Townsend's, &c., hoping thereby to deceive the public. Some of these unprincipled men publish counterfeit certificates, others have induced their relatives and other interested persons to allow the use of their names; to which they put esquire to give them respectability.—One makes a medicine, and puffs it with respectable names procured by using Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, publishes them as cured by his stuff. One publishes the certificate of a person who styles himself an M. D., who mends hose, dugs wells, and doctors horses by turns for a livelihood. They also published certificates signed by fictitious names stating they have used Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and that it injured them, &c. These, and a great variety of other tricks are performed by these men, to sell their trash. The public should be on their guard, and look out for counterfeits.

Notice.—After the first of January, 1848, none will be genuine unless they are put up with a magnificent copper plate label, containing the fac simile of Dr. Townsend's name, thus—S. P. Townsend.

Principal office, 126 Fulton street, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2d street Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Baltimore; P. M. Whelen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 111, Charles street, New Orleans; 105 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies, and the Canadas.

CURTIS & BRIGHTMAN and BURTON & PERKINS, Wholesale and Retail Agents for Erie County—J. S. Hopkins for Springfield.

May 1, 1848. 1y32

EARLY ARRIVAL OF CHEAP GOODS.

THE subscriber is now receiving his fall stock of Spring Goods, the first in market, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Iron and Nails, &c., &c. My stock is sufficiently large for the market, and well selected; as to pulling in the newspapers of great quantities of Goods, more than three times the amount of what they really have on hand, I will leave to newer and smaller stores. My Goods are bought cheap and will be sold as cheap as can be bought in this city at least, as I intend to sell for cash, and will make it an object to those that pay down for their Goods to purchase from me. Call and see for yourselves, and I think you will be satisfied with quality and prices.

GENTLEMEN'S GOODS.

Black and Blue Black Cloths; Indigo Blue, Brown and Cadet mixed do.; Blue, Black, fancy striped Cassimeres; a fine French article do.; Satinnetts, Kentucky Jeans, An. Jeans, blue drill, and any quantity of Summer suits, for pantaloons, coats, &c., together with many other articles too numerous to mention.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

Cashmeres, Muslin de Lanes, French German and Scotch Ginghams, Carlston do., Mohair lustre, and linen Ginghams, a fashionable article; plaid and plain Linen, for travelling dresses; Cashmere collars and purses, striped and plain dress Silks; Swiss Muslins, Jackonet, Cambric, barred and dotted Muslins, and a large lot of summer Shawls, dress Handkerchiefs, Cravats, &c., ladies kid gloves, black and white and colored, of the best quality; black, white, and colored silk gloves, lisle thread and cotton do., black silk hose, black and white cotton do., gentlemen's hose and half hose, white, brown, and mixed; gentlemen's black, white and colored Silk Gloves, black, white and colored kid do., Ladies' slips and walking Shoes, children's do; Linen Cambric and Linen handkerchiefs; silk Bandana, do., Spitfield do., Ginghams, and cotton do.; Diaper crash and toweling, buckaback do., English and American Ginghams, Lawns, and Mohair checks, nice and cheap.

Erie, April 6, 1848. SMITH JACKSON.

MOLASSES.—8 Hhds. Cuba, Sugar House and New Orlean Molasses, to be sold at New York Prices, transportation ad
June 10. ALLYN & COIT.

FRESH consignment of Pekin Teas, at the agency, No. 5, Reed House.
July 14, 1848. BURTON & PERKINS.

100 M. SHINGLES for sale at the Erie Steam Foundry.
April 29, 1848. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

LOAF SUGAR on commission at A. King's ware house.
May 19. RUST & KELSEY.

RAISINS.—Best quality by the box or single lb. at No. 5 Bonnel Block, state street. (May 8.) H. COOK.

FRESH Lemons and Oranges just received at
May 19. H. COOK'S.

PICKLED Oysters, Gherkins, Sardines, London Porter, &c., just received by [May 19] H. COOK.

6000 LBS HAMS just received on consignment, and for sale cheap, at A. KING'S Ware House
June 5, 1848 RUST & KELSEY, Agents.

WINES & LIQUORS.—Tavern keepers will always find the best assortment of Gin, Brandy, Monongahela whiskey, common do., Port, Madeira & Malaga Wines, &c., in town, at
May 19. H. COOK'S.

White Fish.

A NEW supply direct from Mackinac on the corner opposite the Court House by C. B. WRIGHT.

50 FIRST rate Pork Barrels for sale low at
H. COOK'S.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

STATE STREET ONCE MORE AHEAD!—I ROSENZWEIG & CO., are now receiving at the New Jew Store, No. 1, Fleming Block, a new and splendid assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c., &c., &c., which will be sold a little cheaper than can be bought at any other establishment this side of sun down. Among his stock may be found—

BROADCLOTHS.—French, English and American black, blue brown, gold and aadcuivered Broadcloths, cheap as the cheapest. Also, Dress and Frock Coats of the same material which for durability and finish can't be beat.

CASSIMERES AND VESTING.—Fine French, English and American Cassimeres—beautiful vestings, and superior pantaloons and vests of the same.

SUMMER WARE.—An excellent assortment of Summer ware, which cannot fail to please.

CALICOES.—Superior Calicoes, from 6 to 12 cts. per yard. Call and see them.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.—Under this head we have every thing to adorn the female form divine—such as Silks, Lawns, Ginghams, Barages, Gloves, Ribbons, Bonnets, Muslins of all kinds, Shawls, &c., &c.

In short, our stock in every department is large and selected with great care. Believing that a "nimble is better than a slow shilling" we shall sell unusually low for cash or ready pay.

Erie, April 22, 1848.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.

THIS day opening, a great variety of Dress Goods, comprising in part the fashionable Silk and Linen Tissues, and Goat's Hair Shalleys, Grenadenes, shaded Barages, Robe de Gaize, Swiss obes, changeable Poil de Cheevres, French Jaconett Plaids, Swiss and dotted Lawns, together with an unusual variety of cheap fast colored Lawns and Ginghams all of which I can and will sell as cheap as the cheapest, at my store, opposite the Eagle Hotel.

Erie, April 29, 1848. C. B. WRIGHT. 50

New Cabinet Ware Room.

J. A. MAY would respectfully inform the citizens of Erie and vicinity, that he has taken the stand on the South East corner State and Eighth streets, (a part of which is occupied by L. Warren, as a sash, door and blind Factory,) where he intends to keep on hand a general assortment of Cabinet Ware, which he will be happy to exhibit to all who may want articles in that line. His arrangements are such that he will always have on hand the best of seasoned Lumber of the first quality, from which he will manufacture in the best style any article in his line of business. Being a mechanic himself and thoroughly acquainted with the business of Cabinet making in all its various branches, he intends to do his work in the best and latest style, and by so doing he intends to secure a liberal share of patronage. Call and examine quality and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. Coffins made to order on shorthotice.

Erie, April 22, 1848. 3m49

CASH STORE!

AFTER this date I have determined to sell Goods for *Cash only*, at Wholesale or Retail full 20 per cent. below former prices. Cash customers will do well to examine our *Goods* and *Prices*, before going to Buffalo. May 12. H. CADWELL.

A CARD.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the gentlemen of Erie and vicinity that he has opened a TAILORING SHOP on the South side of the Public Square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank, where he will at all times be ready and happy to wait upon those who may favor him with a call in this line of business. From long experience in some of the principal shops in London and other European cities, and strict attention to all business which may now be entrusted to him, he confidently hopes that he shall be always deemed worthy to receive a share of public patronage. His work shall be executed in such a manner as will bear a close and important inspection, and always in accordance with the prevailing fashions.

N. B.—Cutting done on the shortest notice.

JOHN GOLDING.

Erie, March 25, 1848. 3m15

FRENCH, Scotch, and English Ginghams, small plaid, fashionable styles; Painted Lawns; Organdies; French Painted Jaconet Britannia Striped Muslins; Striped and Plaid Linen Ginghams, any quantity or quality, at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.
June 9, 1848.

WILLOW WAGONS, large and small, always on hand, by
June 12. H. COOK.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

CONSISTING of French and Scotch Ginghams, Balzorines, Printed Lawns and Jenny Lands, Jaconet Muslin. Also a great variety of Worsted and Linen Net and Ombre Berege Shawls, just received at No 2 American Block State St. M. MAYER.

Erie, June 7th, 1848.

NEW GOODS FOR THE POPULAR TRADE.

JUST receiving the most extensive, richest and cheapest assortment of Gentlemen's and Ladies' DRESS GOODS ever exhibited in this market—comprising a large and well selected assortment of LADIES' fine Dress Goods, suited to the fashions. Our editors make such wry faces we cannot give our usual long catalogue. Suffice it to say, we will sell fine Lawns at 4 cts., and upwards of 60 cts. per yard. Also a large lot of STAPLE GOODS at full 10 per cent. below last prices.

Ladies and Gentlemen this will be the most favorable time to replenish your wardrobe as that you will find in a long time to come.

N. B. I would invite the attention of the young Ladies—this being the year of probation—to our rich assortment of Dress Goods just right for the occasion, at 30 per cent. *lower than former prices.* In short our motto is the nimble sixpence, and for Cash we will sell Goods a shade lower than any house west of sunrise.

Erie, April 17, 1848. H. CADWELL.

SODA BISCUIT.

A FRESH supply of Spencer's (Buffalo) Soda Biscuit, just received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by
Erie, May 12, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

OLIVE OIL.—A superior article for family use for sale very low by
(May 8.) H. COOK.

400 M. 1st Quality Pine Shingles, for sale by
June 23. CARTER & BROTHER.

PARASOLS, from one shilling upwards, for sale by
[June 10] ALLYN & COIT.

FRUITS.

JUST received at No. 1, Perry Block, a large quantity of Figs, Prunes, Raisins, Oranges and Lemons, which will be sold low for cash.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

JUST received and this day opening at No. 2 American Block, a general assortment of Dry Goods, suited to the season, together with Groceries, Crockery and Hardware, which will be sold unusually low for cash or ready pay. M. MAYER.

Erie, June 7th, 1848.

ORANGES, Lemons, Apples, Figs, Dates, Raisins and Candy on hand for the Fourth, at H. COOKS.
July 1.

CITRON, English Curtants, Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, etc. at
May 8. H. COOK.

WINDOW GLASS.

5000 FEET of McCully's best window glass, of all sizes—from 8 by 10 to 24 by 30, just received and for sale by the box or light, cheaper than can be bought elsewhere in this city, at the cash shop of L. WARREN, southeast corner of State and Eighth streets, Erie. April 15, 1848.—8f

RECEIVED this day by express from Harper and Brother the following new work, viz: History of Congress, Biographical and political, comprising memoirs of the Congress of the United States, by Henry G. Wheeler, at SPAFFORD'S.
June 24. 21

EAGLE WOOLEN FACTORY, FAIRVIEW

WE would inform the wool growing and cloth weaving public that we have entered into a copartnership hereafter to be known as McCreary, Thornton & Co. We have one entire set of new machinery, as good as can be procured in the country, and we are now prepared to manufacture or exchange cloths customers, Tweeds, Shaw ls flannkets and flannels for wool. We have long experience in the manufacture of all the branches of the business, and we confidently expect a full share of public confidence and custom of the Public. We flatter ourselves to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their custom.

Custom Carding, Spinning, and Dressing, done well, cheap and quick.

Grain and Factory supplies, well seasoned with Cash, will be acceptable for goods and work.

DAVID McCREARY,
JOHN THORNTON,
THOMAS THORNTON,
BENJAMIN COATES, Erie,
SAMUEL LILLY, "

Fairview, May 1, 1848. 51

50 PIECES *Figured and striped all Woolsand half Wool Carpetings*; Floor Oil Cloths, &c., for sale cheap at the Old Jew Store, on French street. April 19, 1848. 1

GOODYEAR'S Patent Metallic Rubber Fabrics, of the following descriptions, on consignment; Overshoes, Horse Covers' Carriage Cloth, Air Beds, Air Pillows, Air Cushions, Wagon Pads, Tobacco Pouches, Fishing Boots, Ladies Aprons, Coats, Caps, Cloaks, Tarpaulins, Elastics, Sou' Westers, Men's Clothing, Traveling bags, Sun Cases, etc., etc., at the Agency, Telegraph Building, French street. M. KOCH.

April 13, 1848.

For Sale.

A VALUABLE FARM, containing about 180 acres of Land, mostly cleared, and has a valuable orchard and other improvements, situated about 13 miles from Girard village, being part of the Farm of the late Thomas Miles. Said Farm will be sold very low, and a liberal credit given. Enquire of
Girard, Feb 26, 1848.—tf11 G. H. CUTLER, Agent.

FREE MONEY taken at par for Groceries, Wines, Liquors, &c., at No. 1, Perry Block, by T. W MOORE.
Erie, August 11, 1848. 13

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

ARRIVING IN LARGE QUANTITIES at the Old Jew Store, in the Telegraph Building, on French street. Moses has just returned from the cities, safe and sound, and in great good humor, (of course,) after purchasing a very large, a very pretty and a very cheap lot of GOODS. These goods he has determined to sell on the principal of "SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS," and to get them out of the way as soon as possible, if not sooner, therefore any man, woman or child wishing to buy GOODS cheap, will know where to go. Our assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES & CROCKERY is complete. Please notice the following Silk and Fancy Goods:

Plaid Poult de Soi,	Swiss and Barred Muslins,
Watered do	Embroidered Robes,
Black Gros de Rhine,	Crape Silks, assorted colors,
Florence, assorted colors,	Linen and Mohair Ginghams,
Tissue & Cashmere Shawls,	Canton Crape Shawls,

Lace Caps and Collars, Swiss, Thread, and muslin Edgings, Ribbons and Flowers Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, &c.

Also, French Black Clothes and Cassimers, Fancy and Summer cassimers, Cashmeets, Mohair and Worsted Coating of every description; Satin, Fancy Silk and Cashmere Vestings, Silk and Satin Scarfs, Stocks and Ties, Silk Linen and Kid Gloves, Gumelastic Su-penders; Collars, Bosoms, etc. April 12, 1848.

MONEY WANTED.

ALL Persons indebted to the subscriber are hereby informed that necessity compels me to call on those who are owing me to come and adjust their accounts immediately. (Special contracts excepted.) Erie Money taken for Hats, Caps &c.
June 7. R. S. HUNTER.

New Goods.

FIRST arrival of New Goods at No. 1, Reed House, being part of a large stock soon expected, consisting of new styles Prints Ginghams, Lawn Ginghams, Linen Lawns, and Lustres, Plain Detaques, and other goods suitable for the season. The Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine goods and prices.
August, 26, 1848. P. METCALF.

Deo 's Hai .

3 TONS Deer's Hair just received and for sale low at the Hardware Store of H. CADWELL.
July 14, 1848.

150 GALLONS Copal Varnish, among which Coach, Furniture, Chair and White. Also Japan for sale by
June 28. CARTER & BROTHER

Mrs. Purdy's Confectionary, No. 9, Reed House Row.

MRS. PURDY would respectfully inform the public that she has taken the well known stand in the Reed House Row, recently occupied by M. W. Keith, where she has now and purposes keeding constantly on hand, a large variety of

CONFECTIONARIES,

of her own manufacture, and sold wholesale and retail, with different kinds of REFRESHMENTS, such as Cakes, Pies, Bread and Butter Pouched Eggs, Cold Fowls, Boiled ham, Pork and Beans, Hot Coffee, Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c , &c., all of which will be served up in the best and most palatable style. She has just received a fine assortment of TOYS, to which she invites attention.

Mrs. P. has fitted up a room, up stairs, expressly for the accomodation of Ladies who may wish to eat Ice Cream. She is determined not to be surpassed by any similar establishment west of Buffalo, and will endeavor to afford universal satisfaction. She indulges the hope that the same liberal patronage which was extended to her predecessor will be continued to her.

Erie, May 10, 1848.

SUB-SOIL PLOW!—Farmers are invited to examine a newly invented Plow which obviates the necessity of "cross-plowing," cut made and offered for sale at the Erie Steam Foundry, by
May 6, 1848. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE SELDEN & SON have removed their store to No. 5, Cheapside, one door south of Tibbals & Dewey's sign. They have a general assortment of Goods, and will be receiving a new stock in a few days. Erie, May 12, 1848.

INTOWN FOR